

ELL

FOR ADULTS ONLY...a shocking report on the new movies

modern screen®

AUG. 25c

JUL - 7 1960
Scoop of the year!

EDDIE
TO
RETURN
TO
HIS
OWN
CHILDREN...

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4 fashion shades



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4 fashion shades



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4 fashion shades

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7 flattering shades



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Eye-liner
8 iridescent shades



Eye-liner
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JUL -7 1960

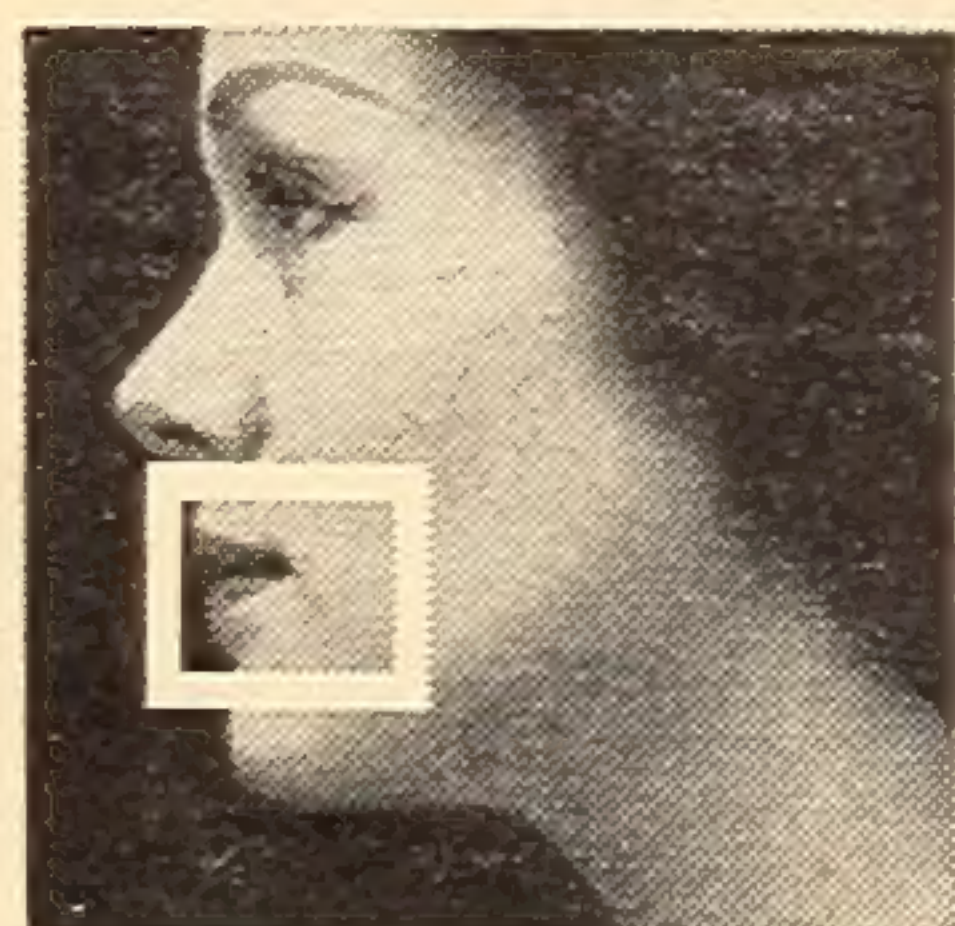
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*Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste!*

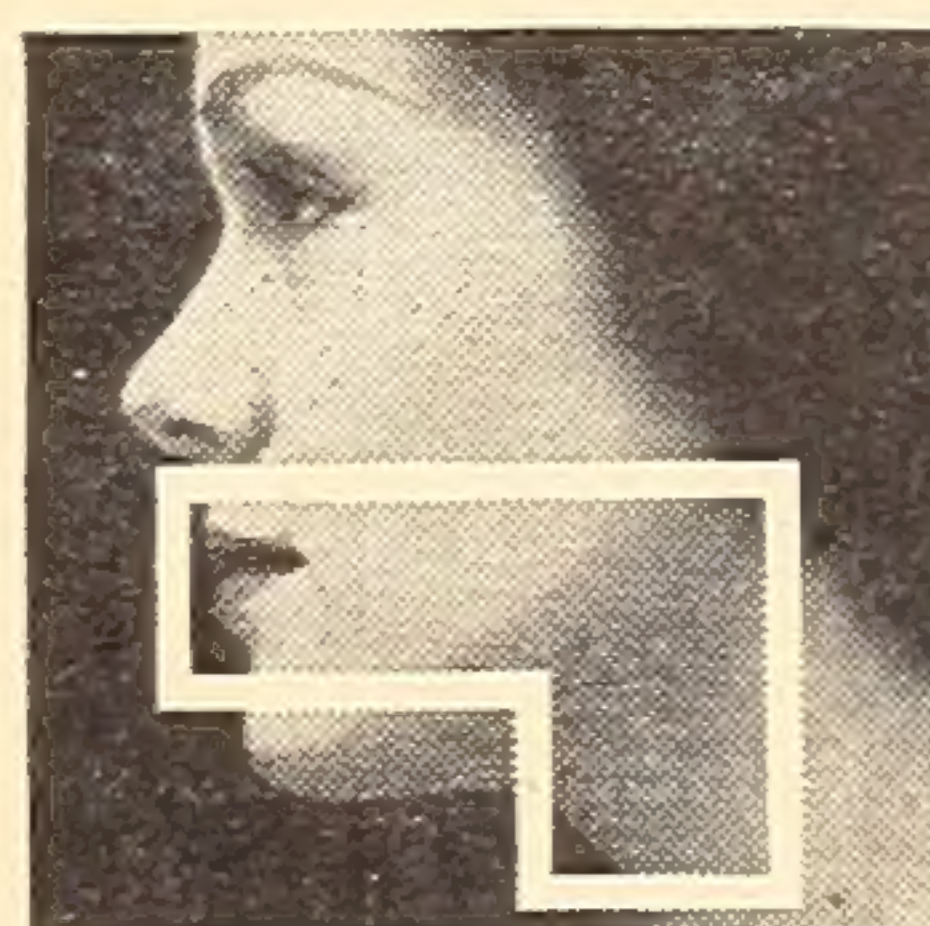


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veil of fragrance

*scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne*



No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet... pure, imported Italian Talc... your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

the fragrance men love

modern screen

AUGUST, 1960

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

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SALOME...
who couldn't
stop—once
she started!

CHAD...
tried to
destroy
what he
couldn't
have!

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NATALIE WOOD · ROBERT WAGNER

AN AVON PICTURE

*Torn
between
the urgency
to love
and the desire
to hurt!*



**“ALL THE
FINE
YOUNG
CANNIBALS”**

co-starring

GEORGE HAMILTON · SUSAN KOHNER

TONY...
who
had a
marriage
but
no wife!

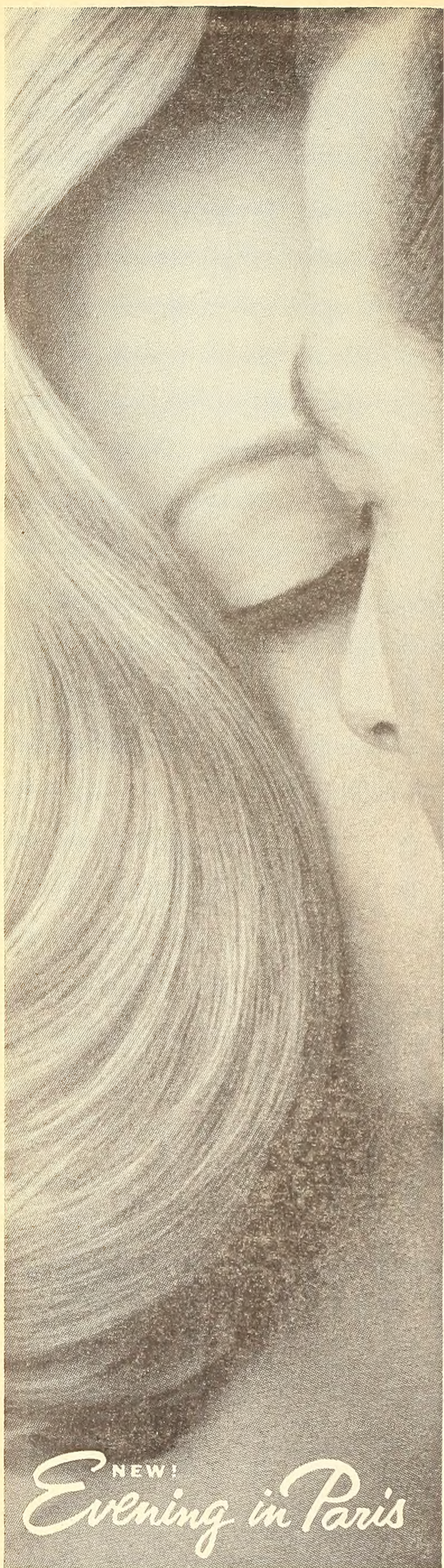
CATHERINE...
no checkbook
could buy
what
she
needed!

and

PEARL BAILEY

With **JACK MULLANEY · ONSLOW STEVENS** · Screen Play by **ROBERT THOM**
Directed by **MICHAEL ANDERSON** · A **PANDRO S. BERMAN** PRODUCTION

in **CinemaScope**
and
METROCOLOR



NEW!
Evening in Paris

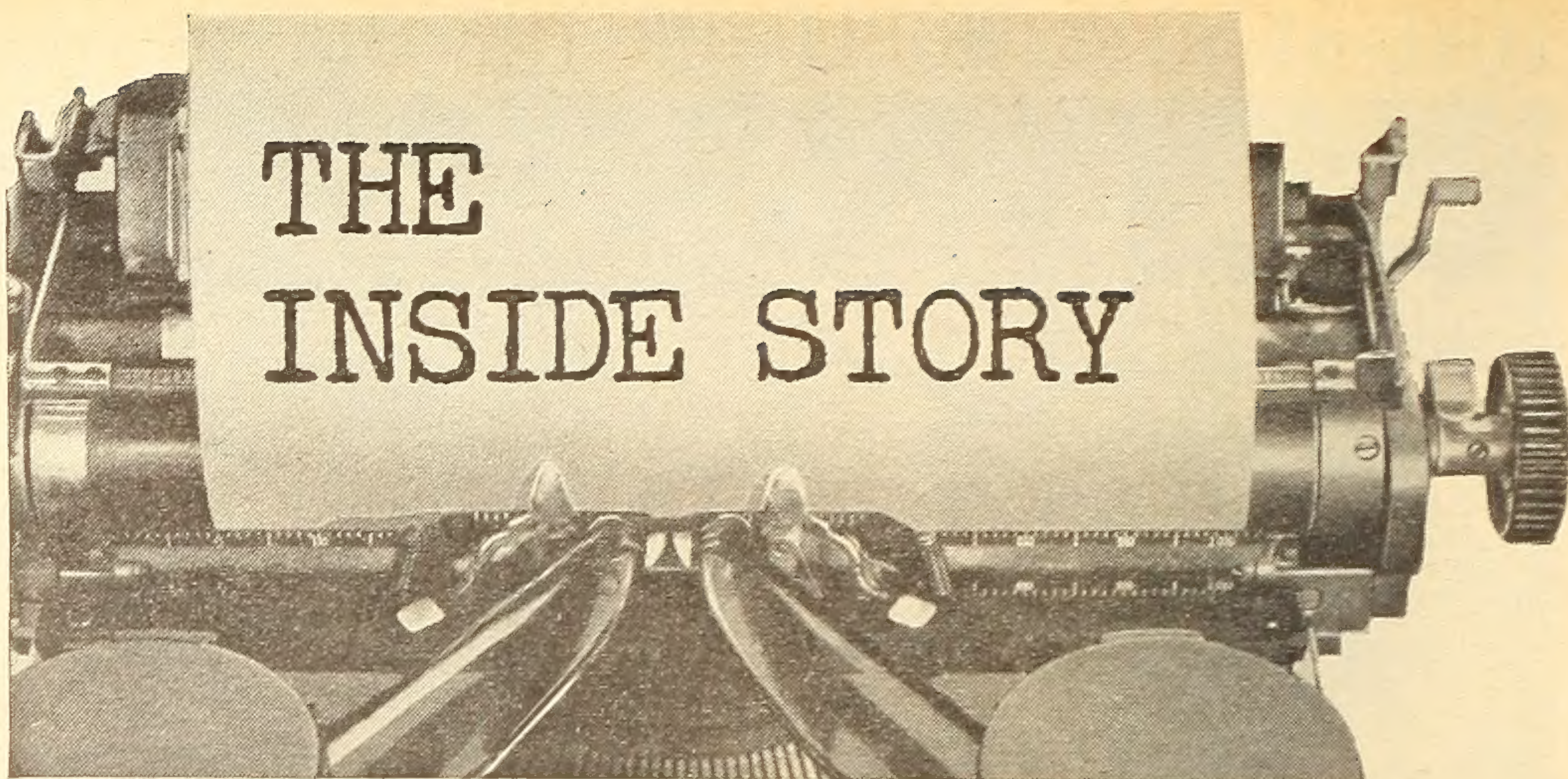
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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 60.

Q I read that **Montgomery Clift** and **Lauren Bacall** were holding hands all through the preview of *Wild River*. What does this mean?

—F.G., CORNWALL, CONN.

A *Their hands were cold.*

Q Is **Sammy Davis, Jr.** going to marry **May Britt**?

—J.S., ROANOKE, VA.

A *He hopes to.*

Q Why was the **Ingrid Bergman-Maximilian Schell** TV spectacular, *24 Hours in the Life of a Woman* cancelled? I thought it was supposed to be the big TV treat of next season.

—S.M., SAGINAW, MICH.

A *It was—until CBS carefully read the script that Ingrid's producer husband Lars Schmidt presented. The show was then indefinitely postponed.*

Q What happened to the budding romance between **Elvis Presley** and **Tuesday Weld**?

—D.M., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.

A *It was nipped when Tuesday stood Elvis up for their second date.*

Q What's going to happen to **Cheryl Crane** now? Is she going to be placed in a regular reform school?

—C.W., SALEM, ORE.

A *Lana Turner hopes not. She's trying to get the court's permission to take Cheryl to Europe. If it is granted, she will enroll Cheryl in a Swiss School and take up residence in Switzerland herself.*

Q With no TV or movie offers forthcoming—is it true that **Eddie Fisher** is terribly worried about his future? He's looked very depressed in some pictures I've seen of him lately.

—R.R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Eddie's future isn't worrying him—yet. As soon as Liz Taylor finishes CLEOPATRA, Eddie will turn producer with Liz as his star.*

Q Is it true that **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** have returned to the psychiatrist's couch?

—D.S., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *They've been airing their individual problems to the doctor in an upright position.*

Q What's with the rumor that Howard Lee gave **Hedy Lamarr** such a big divorce settlement because he plans to

marry **Gene Tierney**?

—K.S., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

A *Mr. Lee wanted to be free to court Gene Tierney—who has no plans to marry anyone at this time.*

Q Can you give me the inside story on **Debbie Reynolds**'s violent feud with her TV network? There are rumors that Debbie may walk out of her \$3,000,000 deal. Is this so?

—M.M., OAK PARK, ILL.

A *ABC wants to ride its \$3,000,000 investment to the highest ratings and feels Debbie should use name guests on her shows to insure this coming off. Debbie, on the other hand, feels she's enough of a draw without bringing in outside help (which she would have to pay for). She'll stick with her contract—but the first Special will prove who is right.*

Q Is it possible that if Jack Kennedy is elected President, his brother-in-law **Peter Lawford** and **Frank Sinatra** will be appointed to posts in the cabinet and government?

—R.K., AUGUSTA, ME.

A *Hardly.*

Q Everyone seems to be whispering about a secret marriage between producer Ross Hunter and **Sandra Dee**. How much of this is true?

—T.Y., WESTFIELD, N.J.

A *Sandra was infatuated with Ross—who has nothing but fatherly feelings toward her. After one disastrous try at marriage it's unlikely that Ross is interested in becoming serious with anyone.*

Q Do you think the **Stephen Boyd-Elana Eden** romance will reach the altar stage—or is Stephen interested in **Hope Lange** now that she's free?

—E.C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A *Stephen is 'interested' in both women—but it's unlikely he'll march to the altar with either, at this time.*

Q Is it true that **Elvis'** popularity diminished after his panning on the **Sinatra** show? I've heard in show business talk he's considered "dead"?

—S.S., NEW YORK, N.Y.

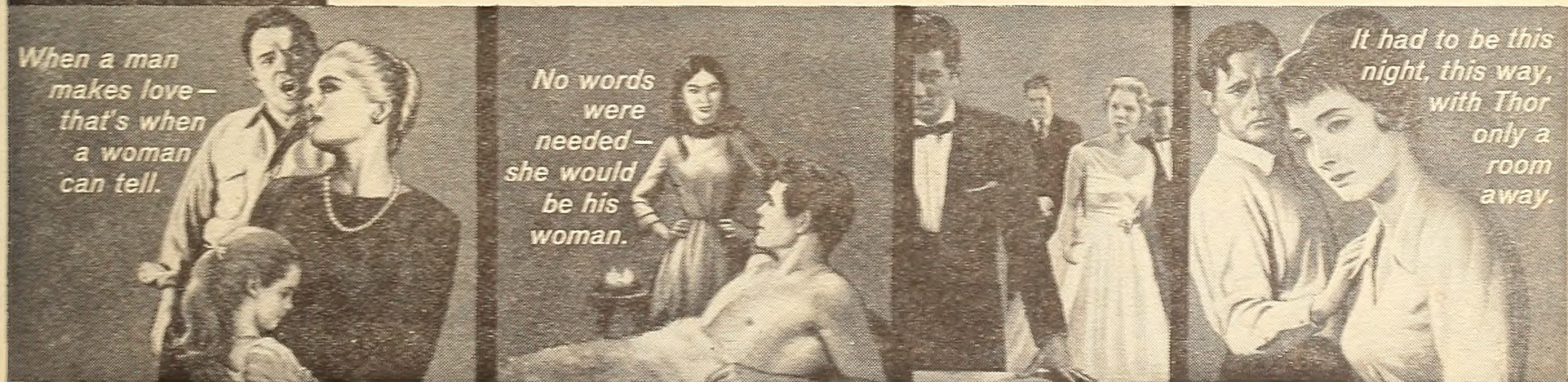
A *He's very much alive—via his new RCA album ELVIS IS BACK, and his new picture GI BLUES. Only the highbrow critics panned him on the Sinatra show—and these guys have been panning him from the beginning.*

THE MOTION PICTURE GIANT OF 1960!

Its story is by Edna Ferber and its people are fierce, tender and passionate—like her people of 'Giant'!...These are people caught up in the turbulence of creation...This is Alaska today—lavish splendor, stripped passions, tremendous personal drama!



EDNA FERBER'S ICE PALACE



Presented by **WARNER BROS** • **TECHNICOLOR**® starring

RICHARD BURTON | **ROBERT RYAN** | **CAROLYN JONES** | **MARTHA HYER**



The Kennedy they called "Czar".

He came out of the wilds... with a hunger.

Belonging too much to two men.

The bride—bought for a wedding ring.

with **JIM BACKUS** • **SHIRLEY KNIGHT** • **DIANE MCBAIN** • From the novel by **EDNA FERBER** • Screenplay by **HARRY KLEINER** • Produced by **HENRY BLANKE** • Directed by **VINCENT SHERMAN** • MUSIC BY **MAX STEINER**

LIFE'S MORE FUN WITH

Colorful Hair!



Use beautiful, temporary

Nestle Hair Color

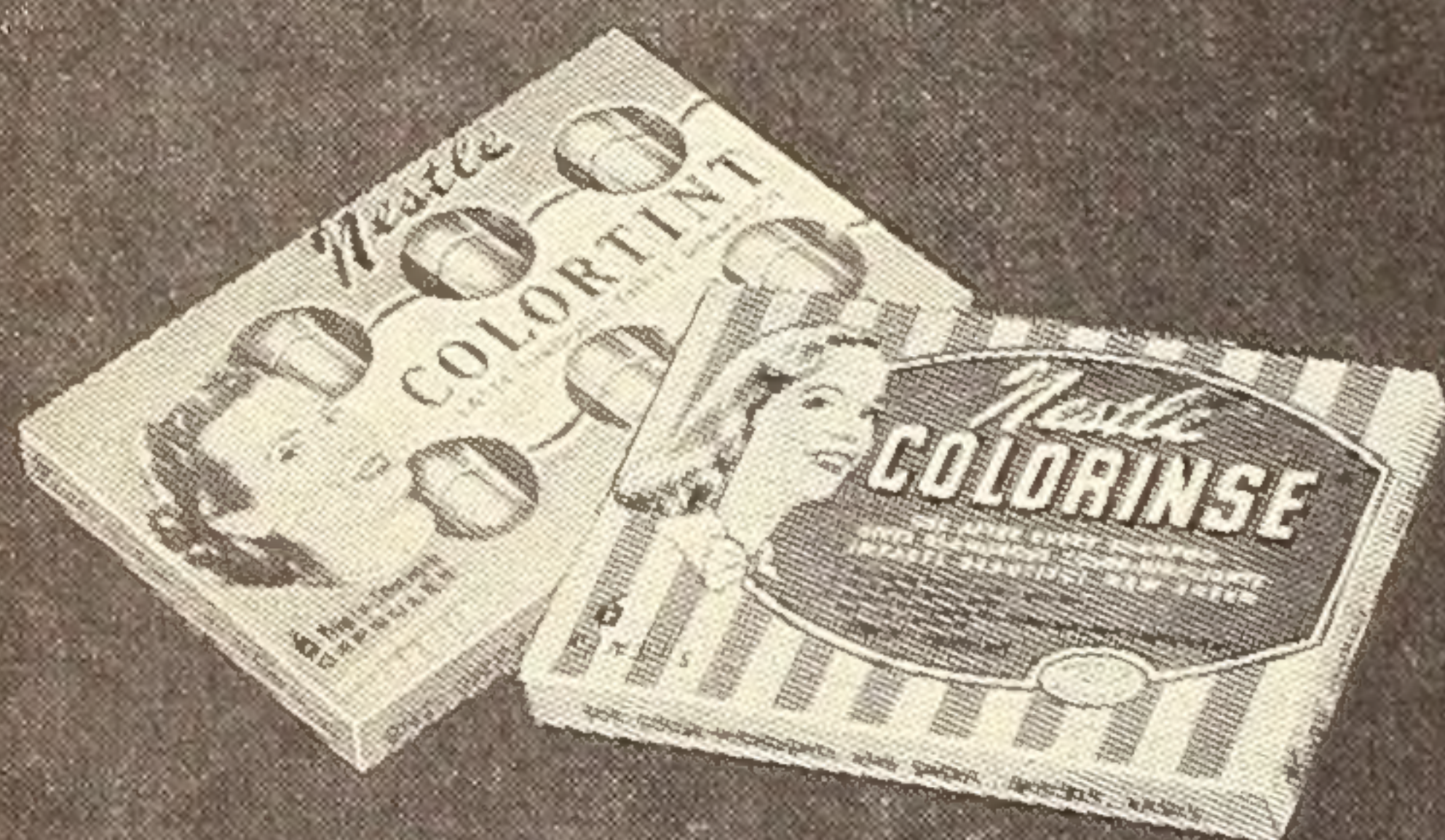
RINSES IN...SHAMPOOS OUT

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. It removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, excitingly lovely! 12 shades that stay color-true till your next shampoo. 35¢

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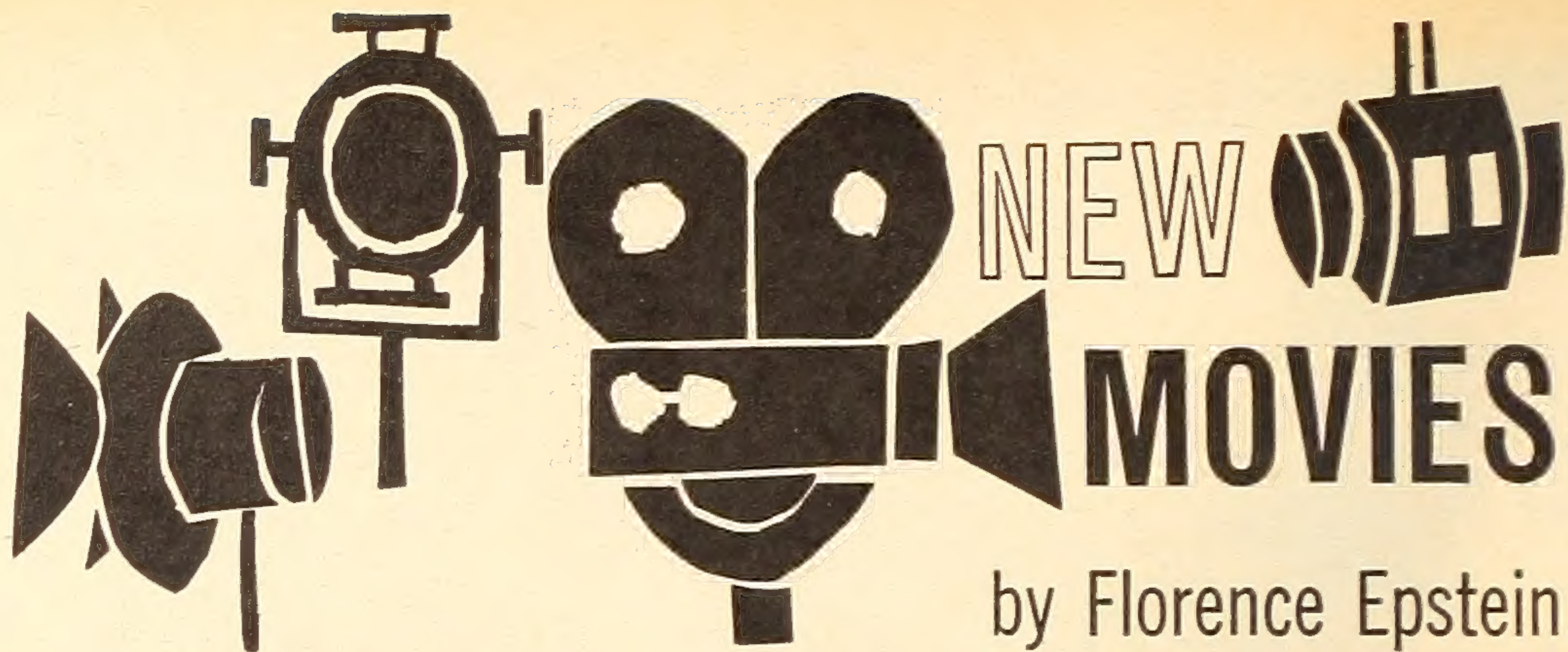
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COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING



THE APARTMENT

serious comedy

Jack Lemmon
Shirley MacLaine
Fred MacMurray
Ray Walston
Jack Kruschen

■ You'll laugh a lot at *The Apartment*—it has plenty of clever dialogue and situations that seem hilarious because they are so true—but its theme isn't really funny nor, I think, was it meant to be. Jack Lemmon works in a huge insurance company. He would be absolutely lost in the crowd of several thousand co-workers if he hadn't stumbled on a gimmick. He lives in a bachelor apartment on New York's West Side—and he lends it to some of the company's middle-aged—and married—executives who have no place to be alone with their girlfriends. Lemmon's conscience doesn't hurt at all; he figures this is the quickest way to get a promotion, and he's right. Fred MacMurray, head of personnel, not only promotes him, but asks for the key to his apartment. Jack doesn't know that Fred's girl is elevator operator Shirley MacLaine, whom Jack loves from afar. Shirley doesn't know that Fred has been leading girls on for years, always promising to get a divorce and marry them. At a vividly realistic Christmas office party she learns the truth about Fred, but she can't resist seeing him, and she can't resist taking an overdose of sleeping pills when Fred gives her a line (and \$100) at Jack's apartment. Jack returns in time to call a doctor (his neighbor, Jack Kruschen, whose dialogue is the high spot of the film) and save her life. Now

Jack wants to marry Shirley but her heart—she thinks—still belongs to Fred, who surprises everybody by making plans to get a divorce. At any rate, love is what Jack needed to feel in order to feel disgust for having chosen the low road to success. This movie may shock you but the mirror it holds up to a part of big city life doesn't lie.—UNITED ARTISTS.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET

forbidden love

Kirk Douglas
Kim Novak
Ernie Kovacs
Barbara Rush
Walter Matthau

■ One would think that Brentwood, California, was the ideal place for marriage and the family—such pretty houses, such pretty gardens. Ha! Every day Kim Novak takes her child to the school bus and then, with a wistful, lonely longing, she goes home. Every day (nearly) architect Kirk Douglas takes his older child to the school bus and, one day, his eyes meet Kim's eyes. Kirk, who is married to dominating Barbara Rush, loves Kim's lovely, passive eyes. Successful novelist Ernie Kovacs (who is an unhappy Don Juan) has commissioned Kirk to design him a house in the hills—not that it will make Ernie happy. But it makes Kirk happy. All the time he's building the house he's dreaming it's a home for him and Kim. Kim, whose husband takes a dim view of even married sex, shares Kirk's dream. What's going to happen to their marriages, their

(Continued on page 14)



In a suburban, young-married type community, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas are caught up in an unexpected love affair.

JERRY LEWIS

at his
hilarious best
in a
DAY
and a
NIGHT
in
the life
of



A solid wave of laughter roars out
of fabulous Miami—as Jerry's classic comedy performance
launches the silliest series of sequences
that ever hit the screen!



WRITTEN, PRODUCED
AND DIRECTED BY

**JERRY
LEWIS**

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

ERNEST D. GLUCKSMAN

A JERRY LEWIS

PRODUCTION

A

PARAMOUNT RELEASE

SUDDENLY THERE WAS NO TOMORROW



On a fog-shrouded night in London, with his bride-to-be beside him and an airplane ticket for home in his pocket, Eddie Cochran's car crashed, and the song on his lips was stilled forever. For the thousands who, like us, belonged to the growing army of Eddie's fans, Modern Screen presents a heart-rending account from the survivors of the crash, of his final moments...

■ The last song he sang was "California Here I Come," to a small, select audience—Gene Vincent, his roommate on their English tour; Patrick Thompkins, their road manager; and Sharon Sheeley, the girl he loved. He sang at the top of his lungs and from the bottom of his heart. As the rented sedan sped through the night, bound for London Airport, Eddie Cochran sang from sheer, almost overpowering happiness. After nearly five months of personal appearances in England, he was going home.

Patrick Thompkins had delivered the plane tickets to Eddie's and Gene's hotel room that morning. Sitting up in bed, they'd ripped open the envelope. "Take a look, boy," Eddie crowed. "Real genuine tickets to the USA!" (Continued on page 10)

Who put the egg in Peg's shampoo?

(and why?)



Helene Curtis that's who! Here's why -

Peg (and you) need the *Golden Plus* of egg, nature's own hair lusterizer. A sea of suds cleans and sheens every strand, then rinses out in nothing flat! The *Golden Plus* richness of egg helps give you right-after-shampoo manageability, too. What do you want? Cleanest, shining-est, behaving-est hair? Then you want egg in your shampoo. You want . . . you *need* Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg, the luxury shampoo that costs no more than ordinary watery shampoos.

New! Shampoofs! Shampoo Plus Egg in handy little plastic packets for girls on the go. 1 complete shampoo (2 lathers) per 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢.



Peggy's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol brings faster, and more complete relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases “blues.” Peggy now takes MIDOL at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.

“WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW”
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep’t F-80, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Peggy's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



(Continued from page 8)

“Yeah!” Gene’s grin stretched from ear to ear. Then, with a couple of whoops, they’d both tossed the tickets into the air. And Patrick remembers, “For the rest of the day, about all they did was sit and look at those tickets.”

Originally, they’d planned to catch a train for London after the last performance at the Bristol Hippodrome. But the train was at three-forty. The show would finish around ten-thirty. So they talked it over and decided that a car was the answer. They hired a Ford Consul, one that came complete with a festive scattering of confetti, because it had been used for a wedding earlier in the day.

As Eddie sang, Sharon smiled up at him. *She’s really nuts about the guy*, Patrick thought. It wasn’t just the way she looked at him, the adoration in her eyes, that said, “I love him.” There were other things, things that said how much. “Patrick, will you come shopping with me?” she’d asked one day. “It’s my birthday and I want to get a little cake.”

Before he’d met her in the lobby, he’d stopped by Eddie’s room. “Patrick, will you do something for me?” He’d just been paid and handed over the whole wage packet. “Take this. Use whatever you need. Get the biggest cake in town and have *Happy Birthday Sharon* written on it.”

Patrick moaned. “Get the biggest cake in town, he says . . . and in a couple of hours!”

“You can do it, boy,” Eddie assured him. “Suuure you can!”

But the cake wasn’t destined to be a surprise like Eddie’s other gifts to his girl. Patrick had to confess, so they wouldn’t wind up with a blooming bakery. “What we’ll do is buy a small cake.” Sharon’s smile was radiant. “I don’t need a big one. We’ll get a present for Eddie instead.”

They found a blue corduroy shirt. And when Patrick explained what had happened, Eddie blew his top—but in a pleased sort of way. Imagine a girl buying a guy a present on *her* birthday! Yes, she loved him all right.

Smash-up!

. . . “California Here I Come. . . .” The song was over. Sharon and Eddie were silent, thoughtful. This time tomorrow they’d be home. Gene settled down for a nap. It was almost midnight. Patrick leaned over to take a fresh package of cigarettes out of the small traveling bag at his feet.

Suddenly, with a shattering impact, the car hit a lamp standard. And now a broken guitar lay on the pavement. Bodies were flung onto the grass, strewn with confetti. . . .

The ambulance reached St. Martin’s hospital around one-thirty. During the next few hours, nine doctors were called to Eddie Cochran’s bedside. As one of them told MODERN SCREEN, “He was alive, but deeply unconscious. Our efforts kept him alive much longer than he might have lived otherwise. But there was simply nothing we could do to save him. He never regained consciousness.” He died, of severe brain lacerations, at 4:00 a.m. on Easter Sunday. . . .

The girl in the cast lay in a pink-walled ward, with gaily-patterned pink curtains drawn around her bed. Her bruised face bore little resemblance to the Sharon Sheeley who had come to England a few weeks before. She looked a tragically battered child, not a famed, successful songwriter. When she’d arrived, the papers had said she’d flown in “on business.” She’d come, too, to see the boy she loved, but she didn’t talk about that. Back home, whenever anyone asked,

she’d talk about her friendship with Ricky Nelson or Elvis Presley. Both boys were buddies. She’d written *Poor Little Fool* for Ricky. But Eddie . . . They’d posed for a picture layout together once, but that was all. “Our feelings about each other belong to us,” he’d said. Children of retiring non-professionals, living their home lives away from the limelight, in a way they’d never gotten used to the glare. They’d stayed away from nightclubs, gone to drive-ins instead, or sat around in somebody’s living room listening to music, talking music, with their kind of people.

“I know the man I’m going to marry,” she once told a reporter. But she’d hastily added, “I mean the *type* I’m going to marry. I want to marry a dominating man. Someone who’ll tell me where to go, what to do. I don’t want to be the boss. . . .”

“Eddie,” she’d begged in London, “Please, let’s go to Buckingham Palace and see if we can see some royalty.”

“What’s the matter?” he’d tease. “Don’t you think I’m royal enough for you?”

Eddie Cochran being mobbed at the Palace gates would be about all the harassed, red-coated guards would need! “Then get him up early in the morning, Gene, and we’ll go to the zoo,” Sharon suggested.

“Aw, why do you want to go to the zoo when you’ve got me to look at?” Eddie grinned. And he was boss.

She’d managed some shopping and sight-seeing when Eddie and Gene had taken off on a series of one night stands in the provinces. She was going to meet them in London at the week end to fly home, then she decided to catch up with them on Thursday instead.

Now, four days later, she remembered being on the ground somewhere . . . an officer . . . somebody saying something about an accident. . . . Eddie unconscious, so very still. “Is he all right? Is he . . . ?” She was in a blurred world of sedation, but her voice cut through it like a knife. “Is Eddie dead? *Is Eddie dead?*?”

They told her, several hours after his death. “We thought she was fit enough,” says the doctor. “And it would have been almost impossible to keep it from her. There are radios and TV sets in the wards and she was bound to find it out one way or another. We thought it best that the news come from us.”

After that, the pain in her body was nothing to the pain in her heart. She closed her eyes and wept, quiet, deep tears.

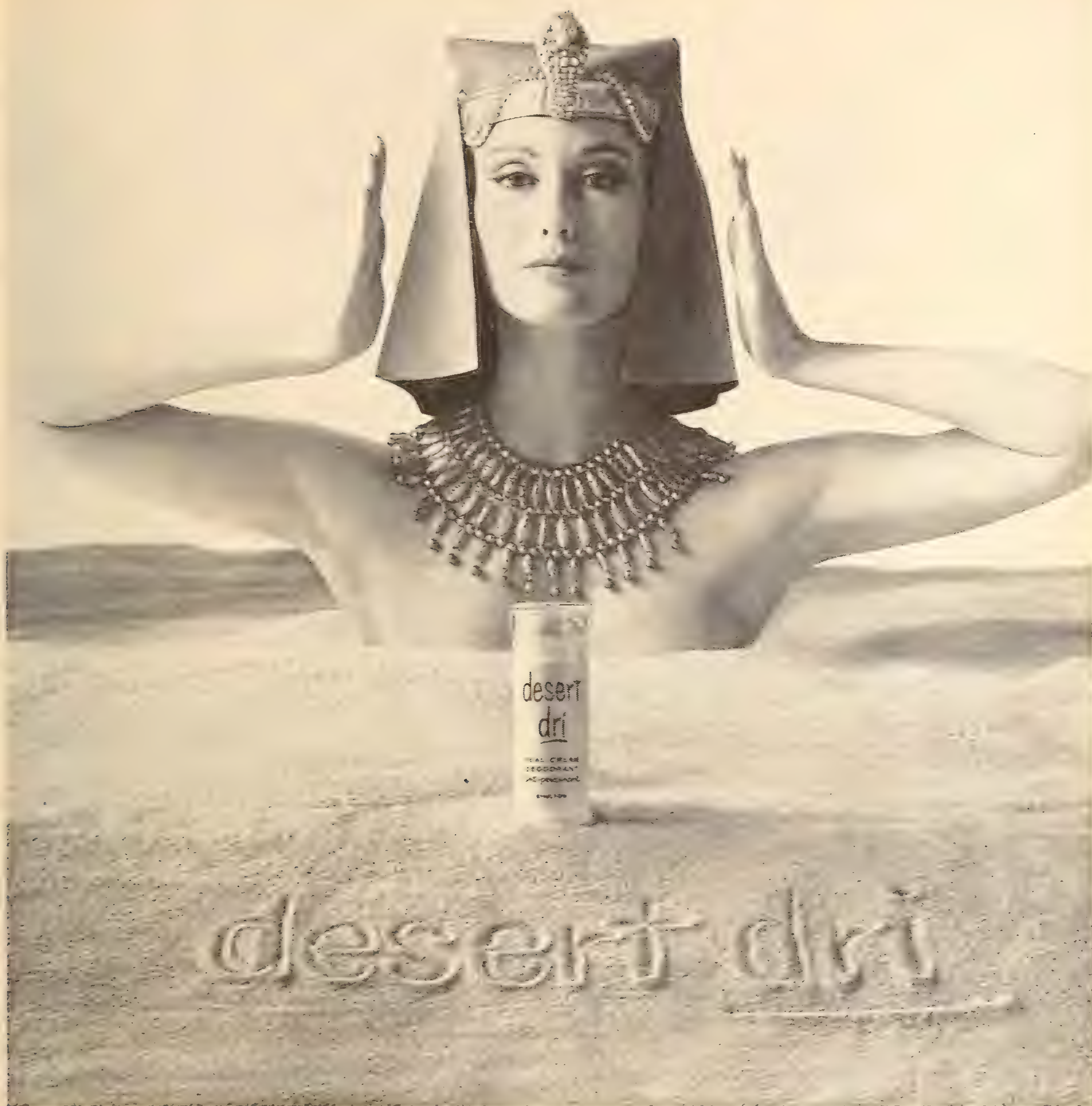
Eddie’s roommate

Gene Vincent woke up in another ward. He couldn’t seem to talk. Maybe it was the shot they’d given him. Men in white came in, murmuring something about concussion, examining him again. Then the voices drifted away. When he came to later, he glanced at the fellow in the bed directly across from him. “Eddie. . . .” What a mess he was with the black eye. And his skin seemed so dark. Stage make-up was the devil to get off. “Eddie, you look awful. How do you feel?”

There was no answer. Poor Eddie and his black eye! “Hey, Eddie, that’s quite a shiner you got!” Still no answer. Must be pretty miserable. *I’ll keep talking to him anyway*, Gene thought. *Cheer him up*. Later, much later, one of the nurses stopped beside his bed. For some reason, as she was leaving, Gene called out, “Don’t forget to say good-bye to Eddie. . . .”

She came back, a startled, disbelieving look on her face. Gene turned his head toward the next bed and stared at the occupant. Hard. “Aren’t you . . . aren’t you . . . Eddie?” he asked slowly.

He saw the boy, full face, for the first

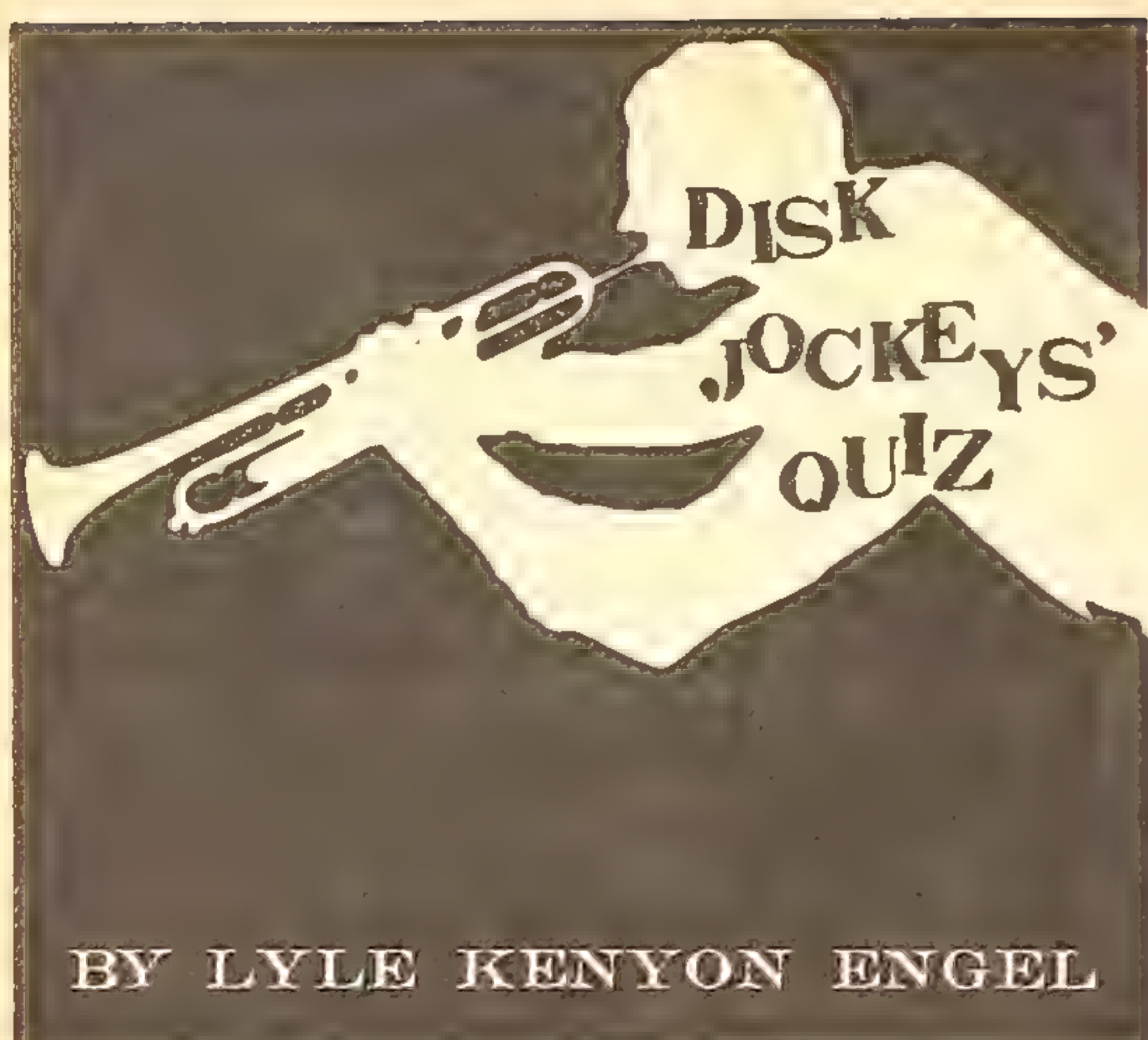


Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!

*New glide-on applicator!
Just twist the bottom . . .
cream comes out the top!*



Now you can have the all-day protection only a real cream deodorant can give *plus* glide-on convenience—*both* in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. *3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.*



Joe Niagara,
Station KPOP,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. These four singers are brothers. Their names are Gene, Vic, Joe and Ed. They hail from Malden, Mass. Some of their million-record sellers are: "UNDECIDED; YOU, YOU, YOU, and RAG MOP.

2. He has a strong, vibrant masculine voice. His first

big chance was with Bob Hope's stage show in New York. Gave up commercial art for recording. His great, big record BECAUSE OF YOU made him a star.

3. Their names are: Bob Glick, Mike Kirkland, John Paine, Richard Foley, but they go under a group name. Their new hit single is

GREENFIELDS. Their album title is the group's name.

4. He was born July 12th, 1934, in Kilgore, Texas. Graduated college. Read music and played piano before he was three years old. He won numerous awards including the Soviet Union International Tchaikovsky Piano competition in 1958. He records for RCA Victor.

5. She was born December 11th, 1944, and hails from Atlanta, Ga. She sang on

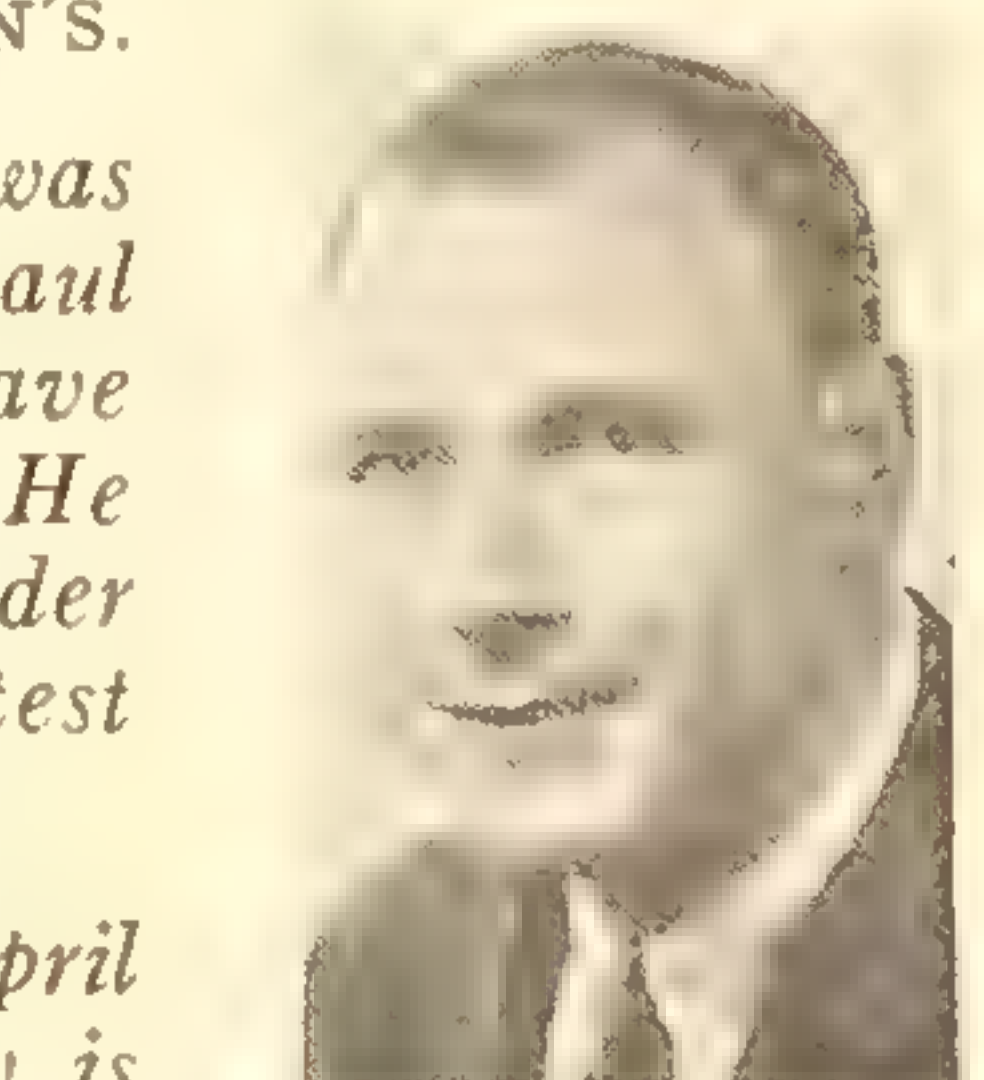
"Ozark Jubilee" and guested on many television shows. Her latest single is SWEET NOTHIN'S.

6. When Dick Clark was an announcer on the Paul Whiteman show, Paul gave this vocalist his name. He plays the guitar, fender bass and drums. His latest single is WILD ONE.

7. He was born April 30th, 1927. His hobby is fishing, his musical interests are songwriting, and singing. His latest single is SINK THE BISMARCK.



Stan Z. Burns,
Station WINS,
New York, N. Y.



Tiny Markle,
Station KFSD,
San Diego, Calif.



Art Roberts,
Station WGUE,
Akron, Ohio

1. The Ames Brothers
2. Tony Bennett
3. Brothers Four
4. Van Cliburn
5. Brenda Lee
6. Bobby Rydell
7. Johnny Horton

on time. He saw two black eyes looking at him as if he were crazy. "Cor luv a duck," a high-pitched unfamiliar voice came from a mouth with missing front teeth. "I fell off me motorbike."

They'd told him earlier, they said. He mustn't have heard, understood. Eddie was dead. Oh, God, thought Gene. Let me hurry and get out of here. From the side the stranger looked just like . . . Please, God, let me get out of here soon. It'll drive me batty. . . .

His manager

. . . Patrick Thompkins opened his eyes to find himself in a corner bed in one of St. Martin's wards. All he could think of was Eddie.

Someday, Patrick had figured, the world would know how really great Eddie Cochran was. It was a hectic tour, a triumphant tour, and it was extended. They'd have ten days off the latter part of April and then they'd be on the go again. By the time it was over, Patrick figured, they'd have played nearly every town in England.

But how Eddie had looked forward to those ten days. "Home," he'd sighed. "I've got to get home." He was a home boy. Home came first. He called his mother constantly . . . spent hundreds of dollars on long distance . . . to talk about the family . . . his car . . . anything that had to do with home. And when he wasn't by the telephone, he was thinking of his family. "I mustn't do this . . . or that . . . because they worry when things get into the papers. They get so stretched by the time the papers get them . . ."

Patrick thought of the last five months; they'd worked together, eaten together, cut-up together, even worn each other's clothes. Eddie had given him the fur-lined black leather jacket from his own closet. And Eddie had been wearing Pat's new black-and-white leather shoes when—Patrick turned his face to the wall. . . .

Aftermath

Gene came back to London on Wednesday night. The doctors had said he'd be able to travel, go home to California for a few days before returning for the second inquest and the rest of the tour. Now, with the help of a man from the London agency, he was packing. Gene held up a medallion. "This was Eddie's. . . ." He found another. "And this. . . ." He dropped them into a suitcase.

Gene went into the bathroom. His collarbone was broken. He was in a kind of harness. "First time I ever tried to shave with my right hand," he called out.

"You're making it, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm making it."

Gene began to run the razor along his face. The shaving cream . . . everything reminded him. They used to have shaving cream fights, he and Eddie. Eddie always broke up the dreary traveling routine with mischief. They'd spray each other with cream, have pillow fights. Maybe most of all they'd taken to the British custom of the guests putting their shoes outside the door of their hotel rooms, to be polished by the porter during the night. He and Eddie would sneak down the hall, mixing up all the shoes. Then they'd slip back to their room and listen for the swearing that followed the discovery!

Gene went back into the bedroom. The man from the agency held a pair of trousers. "These yours?"

"Yes. Eddie gave them to me."

The aide picked up a package. "This?" "Eddie got that for his mother just before he left. He was his mother's boy. He was a good boy. Still growing up. He still lived with his family. They'd just moved into the new house he'd helped them buy in Bueno Park. He—"

Gene left for America. Mrs. James Sheeley, Sharon's mother, arrived in Bath. She'd just gotten home from church when the telephone rang on that fatal Sunday. It was Richy Valens' mother, calling about the accident. My baby, Mrs. Sheeley thought. My poor baby. Sharon and Eddie had called from England only a few days before. They were so excited, so happy. "We've got a big surprise for you," they'd laughed. "We've something wonderful to tell you!"

They're married, was Sharon's mother's first thought. Then, "No . . . no, Sharon wouldn't do that to her mother. She'd wait until they got home."

Now Eddie was dead, her daughter seriously injured in a hospital thousands of miles away. She got her passport, had the necessary vaccinations, closed the house, all by Tuesday. And she flew to her daughter's bedside. . . .

Interview with Sharon

. . . "Come into the office for a moment," said the nurse to the MODERN SCREEN reporter. She disappeared briefly, then returned with another nurse. "Yes, Sharon and Mrs. Sheeley will see you. Sharon's such a fine girl. She's being so courageous." The nurse led the way into the ward and parted the pink curtains.

Sharon lay, so very still, on the hospital bed. She smiled a small smile. "Hello."

"I didn't know whether you'd be able to see the press," said the MODERN SCREEN reporter.

Sharon sighed, "I hope MODERN SCREEN and everyone will understand. I can't give a story, or any details about me and Eddie. There were some quotes in the paper . . . things they said I said . . . about how we were planning to be married right away. I never said these things.

"I can only say, that I'll never love anyone the way I loved Eddie. I loved him very, very much. But it's something I just want to keep in my heart . . . a very precious love.

"You see, he felt that way, too. So that's about all I can say. I guess I could sum up my feelings . . . You're gone away, away from me. . . . Your love is . . . a memory. . . ."

Her voice broke. "I'm sorry. . . . I . . ." The nurse leaned over Sharon's bed, gently drying her patient's tears with a handkerchief.

"I'm sorry, Sharon," said the reporter. "So very sorry."

There were tears in Mrs. Sheeley's eyes, too. "She's had such a great loss," she said. "But in time . . . in time, she'll rebuild her life. She'll be here for several months. Perhaps by the time we go back to California. . . ."

At the London Airport, Phil Everly said, "I guess their friends always figured they would marry. That's the way it was going. . . . Yes, I introduced them. Sharon's like a sister to me, and we were all close to Eddie. We'll all miss Eddie, just like we miss Buddy Holly. In this kind of business, your friends aren't always people you see every day. They're people you know and you've toured with. . . ."

Phil looked out of the lounge window, toward the large jet that would soon be airborne . . . the daily Pan Am Flight 101, to New York. Eddie's ticket, too, had read "Flight 101," the ticket he'd looked at a hundred times.

An airline representative appeared in the lounge doorway. "I guess it's time to go," said Phil. He and Don and the Crickets headed for the field—the field from which, only a few days before, another plane had taken off. The plane that had taxied down the runway, soared into the sky and headed out across the Atlantic, taking Eddie home.

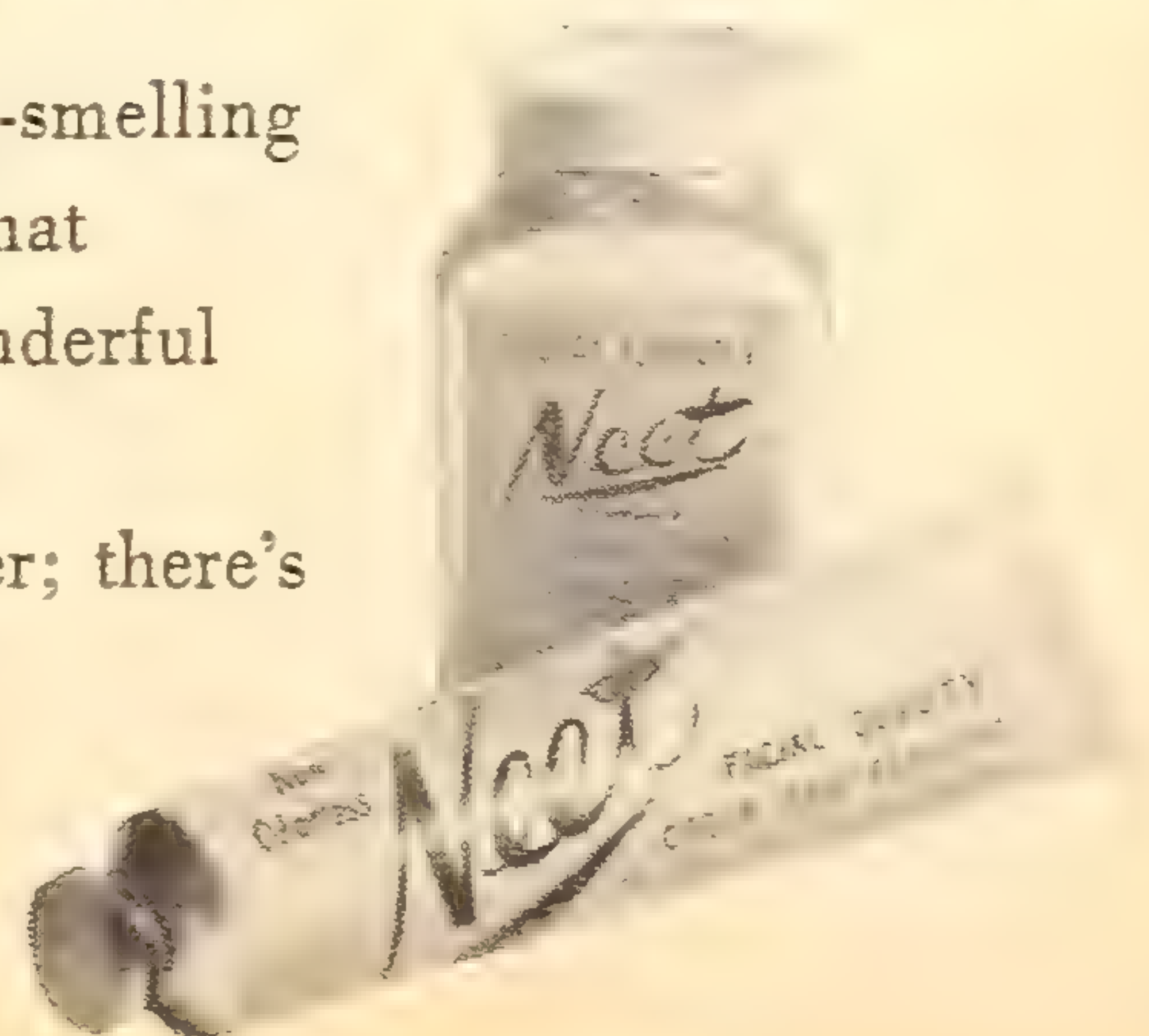
END



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Neet



new movies

(Continued from page 6)

children, the houses they already live in? That's the question that makes it all so poignant.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

THE SUBTERRANEANS

beatniks in Technicolor

George Peppard
Leslie Caron
Janice Rule
Roddy McDowell
Anne Seymour

■ These are the 'new Bohemians,' the 'beatniks' who live and suffer loudly in San Francisco and cuddle their pain like teddy bears. George Peppard, a slightly published writer whose mother can't understand him and has contempt for whatever he stands for, finally leaves home. What does he stand for? George Peppard doesn't know. Truth? Life? Freedom? Yes. He is against all middle-class hypocrisy and deadness; the trouble is, unless the world is perfect he doesn't know how to live in it, unless the world he hates approves of him he can't approve of himself. Well, in San Francisco's 'Greenwich Village' he discovers a whole bunch of charming, mixed-up kids—Leslie Caron, who seeks solace in love but is afraid to love; painter Janice Rule, who hides her face under a mask of make-up and, out of fear, hides her fear and her need for love; Roddy McDowell, a pixie who loves everyone but won't get involved with anyone—these and many more who pride themselves on always speaking the 'truth' but are left bewildered because their truths have never managed to set them free. Peppard and Caron fall in love, live together. He discovers he can't write when he's with her—and runs off to Janice Rule and booze. Leslie discovers she can't live with or without him—and runs off to her psychiatrist. They 'work out' their problems—but do they? Can life ever be beautiful for beatniks? Who knows? The picture is novel and interesting.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

FROM THE TERRACE

love among the upper classes

Paul Newman
Joanne Woodward
Ina Balin
Myrna Loy
Leon Ames

■ Home from the wars, Paul Newman finds life in Pennsylvania just the way it's always been. Mom (Myrna Loy) is an alcoholic; Dad (Leon Ames) still doesn't like him, but Dad's willing to take him into the family business. Paul has bigger and better ideas. He falls for society girl Joanne Woodward, steals her from her psychiatrist boyfriend and marries her (Joanne's family accept the marriage because Paul is such a determined go-getter). Ambition rules his life and succeeds in destroying his marriage. Joanne, you see, gets lonesome because Paul is forever making field trips and leaving her home for months at a time. When she finally takes up with her old boyfriend, Paul is a study in husbandly outrage. Well, Joanne gets slicker and harder and Paul keeps making field trips (it's the only way he can rise in his Wall Street firm). One day, on one of those field trips, he meets Ina Balin, daughter of a coal mine owner. As if struck by lightning he realizes the folly of his former ways. But in order to become a full partner on Wall Street he can't embarrass his superiors by getting a divorce. What will he choose—love or money?—CINEMASCOPE,

14 20TH-FOX.

CRACK IN THE MIRROR

crime movie with a twist

Orson Welles
Juliette Greco
Bradford Dillman

■ In this corner are construction workers Orson Welles, Bradford Dillman and the girl they love, Juliette Greco. Oh, it's a shabby world what with fat Orson sleeping in the kitchen and Juliette sneaking her new boyfriend (Bradford) into the bedroom where lie her two children. Only thing the young lovers can think of to do is murder Orson, divide his remains with a hacksaw and forget about him. Unfortunately, Bradford and Juliette are arrested for murder. In another corner of Paris are prominent lawyer Orson Welles, his assistant Bradford Dillman and the sophisticated girl they love, Juliette Greco. You follow? Bradford is asked to handle the first Juliette's case. It is hard to believe that he doesn't see the least resemblance between her and the Juliette he loves. Well, so it goes with undercurrents at work to make the second Orson suffer the very same fate (at least, psychologically) as the first Orson did. It's a very tricky idea—more trick than truth.—20TH-FOX.

WILD RIVER

... and rising passions

Montgomery Clift
Lee Remick
Jo Van Fleet
Albert Salmi
Frank Overton

■ This story is set in the 1930's when the federal government created the Tennessee Valley Authority. Yearly floods have been wreaking havoc on families, farms, towns in the Valley and now a series of dams are to be built. All up and down the Valley only one woman—Jo Van Fleet—refuses to sell her property to the government. Now eighty, she lives on an island; Negroes work her land almost as slaves had done a century before, and they're loyal to her. Enter Montgomery Clift, government man, who is to persuade Jo Van Fleet to sell. Happens she has a granddaughter (Lee Remick) who is a young widow with two children. Lee loves her grandmother, loves the land (but not passionately), loves Montgomery Clift (passionately). Clift discovers that persuading Grandma to sell is not easy, but getting involved with her granddaughter is so easy it scares him. Lee already has a fiance (Frank Overton) who is willing to fight for her in a gentlemanly way. But a few other southern gentlemen (particularly Albert Salmi) are always itching for violence and they take it upon themselves to rescue Lee from Clift. Well, the old order changeth (Grandma sells the land) and the new order comes as quite a surprise to Monty.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE CROWDED SKY

soap opera on the wing

Dana Andrews
Rhonda Fleming
John Kerr
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Anne Francis

■ Every day thousands of planes are in the sky trying to avoid each other. You think that's a problem? You ought to hear the problems of the people in those planes! Flying a Navy jet (he already cracked one up) is Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. Efrem's wife, Rhonda Fleming, tricked him into marriage and now she plays around with other men. Efrem's nervous passenger is Troy Donahue who is struggling against being tricked into marriage. On a big transport coming from the opposite direction are senior pilot Dana An-

draws, a widower who can't get close to his son and who hates young John Kerr who happens to be his co-pilot. John hates Dana, loves his own father (a famous but insane artist) and is romantically involved with stewardess Anne Francis. Anne gaily describes herself as an "ex-tramp" and would like to marry John. Also on board—a doctor and his dying wife, a 'method' actor and his patient agent, a lonely bachelor and a girl (sitting next to him) he's dying to talk to, writer Keenan Wynn who is making passes at Jean Willes whom he doesn't recognize as an old flame he put out. These two planes go boom and not a minute too soon.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

PAY OR DIE

when the Mafia strikes

Ernest Borgnine
Zohra Lampert
Al Austin
John Duke
Robert Ellenstein

■ If you were around New York at the turn of the century you would have heard about police lieutenant Joseph Petrosino. His beat was Little Italy; his meat was the Mafia, a criminal organization which—he learned through hard experience—really existed and had its roots in the old country. When he went back to Italy for important evidence he was assassinated in the streets of Palermo; thus ended a truly heroic career. Ernest Borgnine, as Petrosino, gives another of his warmly human performances. The immigrant Italians he knew distrusted police and would rather 'pay' than 'die' (although they often did both) when they received threatening notes signed *The Black Hand*. But when a neighborhood baker, father of Zohra Lampert, is threatened, Zohra (American born and studying to be a teacher) persuades him to notify the police. Borgnine comes into her life and a touching love story unfolds. But *The Black Hand* doesn't go away. Borgnine organizes a special Italian Squad of policemen who mix among the people of Little Italy, get jobs in their shops hoping to be approached by members of the mob. Approached they are; many arrests result, but Borgnine realizes that the mob is more powerful and clever than any local organization could possibly be. That knowledge takes him to Italy. This is the story of a man who, with death always breathing down his back, went on loving, dreaming and enforcing the law—an inspiring message for a plain black and white film.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE FUGITIVE KIND (United Artists): For Tennessee Williams, the 'fugitive kind' (like Marlon Brando) are those few rare people with courage who find they are trapped by the evil in the world. Anna Magnani, bitter and love-starved, is married to sadistic Victor Jory; Joanne Woodward is defiantly a tramp; and they, with the others in this southern town, manage to destroy Brando, the once-free soul, the 'fugitive kind.'

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN (Paramount): In occupied Yugoslavia, five girls have their heads shaved as punishment for making love to a Nazi officer. Barbara Bel Geddes just wants to have a baby, Sylvana Mangano hates war, wants love—all five had their reasons. But Van Heflin, the guerrilla leader, has no mercy and exiles them. Harry Guardino, Richard Basehart, and Vera Miles are also caught up in this tale of the unhappy fortunes of war.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN (MGM): The adventures of Huck (Eddie Hodges) are many and wondrous. They begin when his mean, alcoholic father (Neville Brand) orders the two gentle women with whom Huck is living to sell their slave Jim (Archie Moore). Huck and Jim escape on a raft, but before their journey is over, run into 'slickers' Tony Randall and Mickey O'Shaughnessy, and circus owner Andy Devine. It's all good fun!

**NEVER BEFORE ON THE SCREEN...
THE MIGHTIEST OF THEM ALL!**



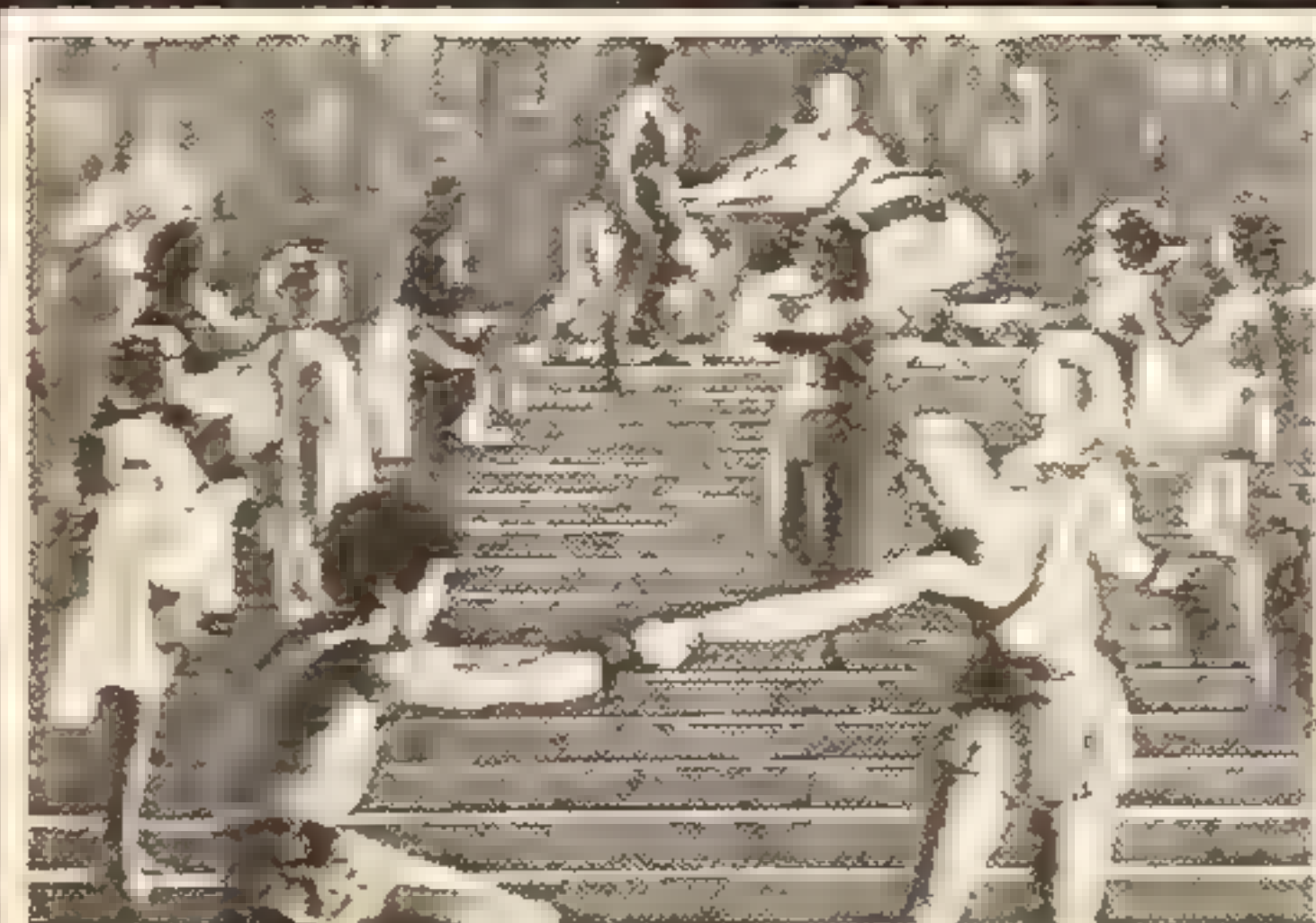
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MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Bobby Darin's Big Night

**The \$125,000 SHARE
Party**

**"Surprise" Wedding,
"Surprise" Divorces**



There are no people like show people (left to right: Frank Sinatra, George Burns, Milton Berle, Dean Martin, Jack Benny, at the SHARE party) when it comes to entertaining to raise money for worthy causes.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



Kim was in the hospital when she got the news about Aly Khan.

Too much trouble for Kim

Kim Novak has been much too sick. In New York to plug her *Strangers When We Meet*, Kim fell ill and was taken to Doctors Hospital suffering from hepatitis and its companion ailment, yellow jaundice—plus being very anemic and fatigued.

If this weren't enough, Kim was deeply

distressed over the shockingly sudden death of her good friend Aly Khan in a car crash in France. Just the day previous to this tragedy, Kim had received a bowl of lilies of the valley from Aly and a get-well-soon card.

Despite gossip you may have heard—Kim and Aly's 'romance' was much exaggerated. Or if there had been a flicker at one time it had settled into a genuine friendship on both sides. Kim had been renting Aly's New York apartment during her stay in New York before she was taken to the hospital.



PARTY of the month

"Fit for a King—and a Queen" is indeed the perfect description of the beautiful party given by Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart**, at their home, honoring the King and Queen of Nepal.

The thing that made this party so outstanding is that everyone present had a ball—including Their Majesties. Sometimes in the past when Hollywood has entertained Royalty, everyone is so stiff and formal, the visitors don't really see Hollywood as it really is—gay, colorful and exciting.

Give Jimmy and Gloria a lot of credit for keeping their charming affair on such a relaxed and happy plane.

The decorations were an eyeful. The tent where dinner was served was festooned in silk streamers ranging in color from the palest pink to the most vivid red and everywhere there were huge bowls of peonies in the same shades.

Before the evening was half over, the King endeared himself to all the guests by saying, "This is the best time we have had during our visit to your country." And, he added, he wanted everyone he had met to look on him as a friend.

The toasts were both formal and funny—Jimmy, of course, leading off formally by toasting the King and Queen, and the King replying by toasting President Eisenhower.



Nepal's King and Queen were feted.

Then the fun started—**Jack Benny** and **Bob Hope** out-doing themselves—and when these two go to town, it's the living end. Even so, Bob was as modest and surprised as a novice when the King asked him for an autograph for his children!

When the music started, everyone seemed to dance every dance—except poor **Gina Lollobrigida** who was at our table. She had hurt her leg on the set of *Go Naked in the World* and had to quietly slip off her shoes her foot was in such pain.

Surprisingly present was **Rex Harrison** who makes so few social appearances, es-



Barbara Rush and Dean Martin were having a wonderful time.

pecially in Hollywood, that he is always not worthy. I must say the British Mr. Harrison put himself out to be charming and when he tries, he's an expert.

Dolores Hart arrived with the **Gary Coopers** and their daughter Maria, both girls looking like covers on the youth magazines. As for Gary, who had undergone serious surgery so recently, he looked great and was very animated.

Of course, the dancing stopped when **Dinah Shore** got up to sing—Dinah's greatest admirers are the people of her own show business. I heard that the Stewarts, hosts, had hesitated to ask Dinah to sing—when the invitation came from the King—she was delighted to oblige. **George Montgomery**, always beaming when 'his girl' is singing, also whispered to me that he was busy cutting his newest picture, *The Street Hoop*.

Two ladies in very bright and beautiful gowns were **Rosalind Russell** and **Alma Sothorn**—Roz telling me she was off for Europe soon after investigating some Eastern schools for her son, Lance. Hard to believe he's prep-school age.

John Wayne was the center of a story group telling one story after another while his pretty wife, Pilar, danced. One of the most admired beauties was **Capucine**, the European model turned actress, who makes her screen debut in *Song Without End*, the Lieke Martens story. Others I saw enjoying a wonderful time were the **Ray Millands**, Jerry Walter, Mervyn LeRoys, Henry Hathaways, Billy Wilders—truly a night to remember.

Big Night for Bobby Darin:

If **Bobby Darin** ever wondered how he stands with the Hollywood people—he knows now! His opening at the Cloister has seldom been equaled by a long established star—and never by a newcomer.

The people were jammed wall to wall and the tables were bumper to bumper. Just everybody was there and what a hand they gave Bobby who, in addition to his fine singing, has added a vibraphone to his act, and also a few intricate dance steps.

At our table were **Shirley MacLaine**, **Debbie Reynolds** with Harry Karl (these two had dined duo at La Rue, as we had, before coming to the Cloister), Jimmy McHugh, and **Barbara Rush** and Warren Cowan, our hosts. Shirley kept us all laughing with stories about her little daughter Sachie, who at that time was still in Japan with her father Steve Parker, who had been so ill with hepatitis.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes dropped by to tell us how happy he was to be back in the good graces of Warners again, even if the continued writers' strike was holding up production of *77 Sunset Strip*. But "Kookie" had been granted permission to appear on one of **Pat Boone's** TV spectaculars which would help out greatly in the moola department. This boy had suffered rough going financially

for months while he was on suspension.

My boyfriend **Fabian** told me he had lost five pounds pushing his way through to the table to say hello—he's always so sweet and thoughtful and is one of my particular favorites. Fabian was with **June Blair**. Also got in a word or two with **Frankie Avalon** and **Connie Stevens** (what a pretty girl she is!)

I was surprised to see **Keely Smith**. I had thought she was on her way to Europe, but she said she got as far as New York and was so homesick for her children, she came home. Keely was with **Louis Prima**—and these two continue to deny there's any problem in their marriage. They left by boat for Honolulu two days later.

Tuesday Weld was a model of deportment, and quite conservatively dressed, escorted by her agent, Dick Clayton. Ever since Tuesday has been working with **Bing Crosby** in *High Time* she's been as modest as a sunflower. I heard she has a big crush on **Richard Beymer**, who is in the same movie, and that he likes his girls ladylike.

Vic Damone, who was with Pat Newcomb, sat close enough to lean over and say he was very pleased with *From Hell to Eternity* (with **David Janssen**), his first movie in a long time. He's also becoming quite the rancher—said he has 700 head of cattle on his ranch. "I've found out that ranching is as profitable as singing," laughed Vic.

I told him, "But don't forget it's those songs and records and nightclub dates that keep those cows in fodder!"

Of course, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** were present, George glowing with pride over the success of his protege, Bobby. With the Burns were their daughter Sandra and her bridegroom Rod Amateau—and loud was the applause from this table all evening.

Jackie Cooper, who had also been at the cocktail party given by the Cowans, told me that he had bought an old scrapbook in a second-hand store, and in it were many articles written by me on his days as a child star. Golly, how these youngsters mature—Jackie is quite the man of the world these days—and nights.

Nancy Sinatra, Jr. and her favorite singer **Tommy Sands**, as much in love as ever if not more so, managed to tell me that Tommy's mother, Grace, was chaperoning them to Vancouver for Tommy's nightclub date there, just as Nancy's mother, Nancy, Sr., had done the duenna bit while they were in Florida.

And, last but not least, when Bobby came on for his show and the room lights were dimmed, he gave me a pleasant surprise by leaning over and giving me a hello kiss on the cheek! And then he sang *I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me*, written by my escort—composer Jimmy McHugh. Now there's a tactful young man—as tactful as he's talented.



Tuesday, with agent Dick Clayton.



Louella and Shirley MacLaine enthused over Bobby's act.



The highlight of the gala evening at the Cloister for Debbie Reynolds was meeting Harry Karl's daughter.



Keely Smith and Fabian "adored" each other.



Asa Maynor was so happy to see "Kookie" so happy again.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Sheila MacRae was overwhelmed when \$1,000 was paid for a song from Gordon. Gordon was pretty pleased, too.



Dean Martin and Jeanne worked hard on this show. He was emcee for fifth year, she serves on the committee.

Charity Party in Orbit:

\$125,000 was the fantastic amount raised by the hard-working girls who each year stage the famed SHARE costume parties—every cent of it going to the care of mentally retarded children. And this proves that when it comes to pouring their hearts and cash into a worthy cause—there are no people like show people!

Yes, there was an unfortunate incident between **John Wayne** and **Frank Sinatra**, followed by a fight in the parking lot outside the Moulin Rouge, which grabbed all the headlines.

To me, this is a shame compared to the fine accomplishment of all the people who worked so hard—including the tempestuous Mr. Sinatra—to make a success of this worthwhile evening.

For the fifth year the great show was emceed by **Dean Martin** whose pretty Jeanne serves on the committee of SHARE under president Gloria Cahn (Mrs. Sammy).

The entire Moulin Rouge was jammed with colorful Western characters who paid \$100 to sit down and eat and watch the entertainment and auction of furs and jewels put on by **Sinatra, Milton Berle** and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** With tongue in cheek I report that Frankie was done up as an 'Indian.' As for the show—in addition to those I've mentioned, **Jack Benny, George Burns** and that talented Frenchman, **Yves Montand**, kept the place jumping.

I'd never call John Wayne a rival for **Bobby Darin** or even **Perry Como**—but good sport that he is, the Duke warbled a duel with **Guy Madison** that had us in stitches.

Jack Warner paid \$1,000 to hear **Gordon MacRae** sing—and, of course, **Dinah Shore** obliged as always.

Who was there? Just everybody. Rocky and **Gary Cooper** with their lovely Maria; the **David Janssens**; **Lucille Ball**, looking happy for the first time since her divorce; and all the top producers and directors.



Dancer Juliette Prowse and her 'Indian,' Frank Sinatra, found the antics of the other characters hilarious.



The Gary Coopers took the news quite gravely when John Wayne explained about the incident with Frank Sinatra.



George Montgomery was so proud of his lovely songstress Dinah Shore.



Swedish actress May Britt couldn't wait to tell Sammy Davis, Jr. how much she enjoyed his act.



Lucille Ball looked so happy—for the first time since her divorce—Milton Berle had to kiss her.



I nominate for
STARDOM

Connie Stevens

At twenty-one, she's conquered two fields—records and TV, and she's on her way to a big movie career at Warner Bros. with a contract, and her first starring role opposite **Troy Donahue** in *Parrish*.

Like the words of the song, she's *five-feet-two with eyes of blue* and packs more talent than is fair for one girl. Connie's pop-single record *Sixteen Reasons* has moved up to No. 3 spot on *Billboard's* best-selling platters and is No. 1 best seller in Honolulu where she's the rage as Cricket in TV's *Hawaiian Eye*.

She was born on the 8th day of the 8th month (August 8th) 1938, and her real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia (a blending of Italian, Irish and Mohican Indian ancestry). But she's never been known as anything but Connie Stevens because her musician father

changed his name to Teddy Stevens before she was born. Her parents are divorced and her mother is re-married, living in Brooklyn.

Connie, who was always musical, attended public schools in Brooklyn and New Jersey. As president of her freshman class in high school, she holds the distinction of being the first girl ever to be impeached from a student body office in the school! She prevailed on the radio appreciation class to tune in the final game of the World Series (1955—the year Brooklyn won!) and the ensuing bedlam and breakage was so bad Connie was removed as the freshmen's guiding light.

At fifteen, she came to Los Angeles with her father, entering Sacred Heart Academy. After winning several school contests, she transferred to Hollywood Professional school, which led to jobs with singing groups, little theater appearances, TV and then big, big, big in records.

Like **Kim Novak**, her favorite color is lavender. She dances, ice skates and rides. Her favorite foods are peanut butter, bananas, lasagna, and Chop Suey—and if this doesn't prove how young she is, nothing will.



LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

"Surprise" Wedding:

Marriage, if you please, struck like lightning when **Russ Tamblyn**, twenty-five, just out of the Army, flew up to Las Vegas and within twenty-four hours, married English show-girl Elizabeth Kempton, whom he hasn't seen in two years!

Now I call that fast work, even for Hollywood.

The only people who didn't seem to think there was anything unusual in this were the bride and groom. When queried at the Dunes Hotel where the brand new Mrs. Tamblyn has been appearing in *La Parisienne*, one of the girly-girly revues, both seemed surprised over the 'fuss.'

Said Russ, "Elizabeth and I met and worked together two years ago in London while making *Tom Thumb*. We fell in love. But as you know I had to come back to the USA and go into the service—and it didn't seem right then to ask Elizabeth to marry me. But

the minute I saw her again—I knew she was the only girl—so we were married."

Puzzlingly, the bride tells a slightly varied story. "I came over here to work in the revue although I am really a legitimate stage actress. I was very lonely, knowing so few people. Then, I read in the papers where Russ was back in Hollywood and I called him long distance to say 'hello' and tell him I was working in Vegas. He seemed glad and flew up to see me and well I guess we both realized it had been love all along and got married. No, I won't work now I'm Russ's wife. I want to make him happy—he's had divorce in his life and it will be a full time job making him happy this time."

Russ's former wife, **Venetia Stevenson**, who kept on with her career after their marriage, had no comment. But during their married life she was quoted as saying, "Russ is so proud of my career—he says he wouldn't be interested in a girl who didn't have a life of her own."

All very confusing.



Newlyweds Liz and Russ Tamblyn.



Bette Davis' filing from Gary Merrill was so out of the blue.



Joan Fontaine and Collier Young are sorry their marriage is at an end.



Suzy Parker and French writer Pierre de la Salle simply denied it at first.

"Surprise" Divorces:

Bette Davis' filing from **Gary Merrill** was so out of the blue, she was surprised herself! Although rifting for sometime, Bette had just written to her lawyer in Maine about signing a divorce petition. Then, after the story broke that she and Gary had staged a big tiff and were separated in California, Bette found out that her divorce action had been filed two days previous in Maine! Many divorcing couples surprise Hollywood—but this is the first case on record when the divorcee herself had been surprised!

Almost as much of a gasp was the sudden-

ness of the ending of the long-time marriage of **Joan Fontaine** and Collier Young. Collier told me, "Joan and I knew six months ago when we were in Florida that our marriage was at an end. But we hadn't planned to admit it until after our little daughter Martita had appeared in her school play."

"But our plans went for nothing when an agent in Paris told the press that Joan would be unable to accept a certain screen role because of 'marital troubles—and an upcoming divorce.' I'm sorry our marriage had to end this way," Collier said sincerely, "Joan is a fine woman."

When redheaded model **Suzy Parker** ar-

rived in New York from Paris, with her chubby six-months-old baby in her arms, she actually snapped at reporters who asked if her marriage to French journalist and photographer, Pierre de la Salle, was shaky. "Of course not," said Suzy icily.

Then what does the gal do but appear on **Jack Paar's** TV show and pan the stuffings out of France and Frenchmen! Even then, she admitted no trouble in her marriage until, on the eve of departing for the West Coast and a huddle with Jerry Wald about *Return to Peyton Place*, Suzy was again queried by reporters. "Of course, I'm getting a divorce," she replied, as if it should be obvious!

Tribute to Aly Khan

Rita Hayworth was on the golf links with Jim Hill when the word of the death of Aly Khan flashed into the teletypes of the world. The whole world knew about the passing of the fascinating former playboy Prince, turned statesman in later years, before the girl whose glamorous marriage to him in 1948 was one of the 'big stories' romantically of the decade.

As Rita's good friend, I covered it—the only reporter invited to the international marriage of a movie queen and a real-life prince.

To know Aly was to be completely charmed by him. It was easy to understand why they said that the many women who loved him during his short life (forty-nine) never really fell out of love with him.

His and Rita's troubles stemmed from the fact that she, an American woman, could not understand Aly's completely continental way of complete freedom following marriage.

Rita's director husband, Jim Hill, was the first to learn of Aly's passing and he was consideration itself in breaking the news to her and to little Princess Yasmin, daughter of Rita and Aly.

Jim called the little girl at home and told her not to turn on the radio—that it might explode as it was out of order. In this way he hoped to stop the shock to the child of learning of the death in such a disastrous manner, of the father she adored, and who adored his only daughter.

He and Rita rushed home as fast as they could to tell little Yasmin and to give her all the comfort they could. I would like to add my own tribute to Aly—the world is a less bright and happy place because of the loss of the charming Prince.



This was 1949, when Rita Hayworth and Aly awaited the birth of Yasmin.



Who keeps younger than Ginger Rogers (here with Robert Eaton)?



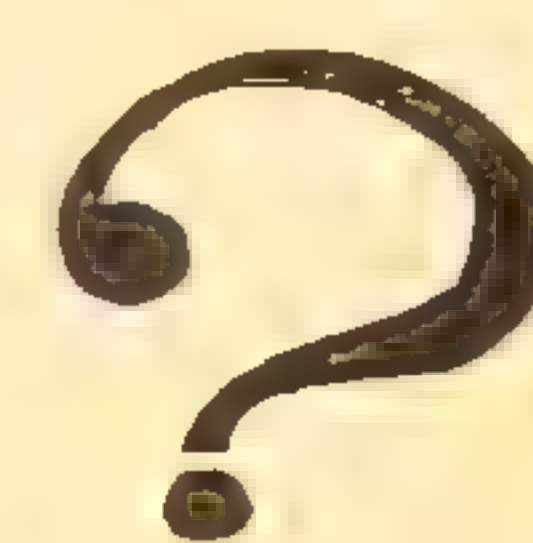
It's a big gamble as to whether Hope Lange will see Stephen Boyd abroad.



Little Nancy Sinatra almost stole the show from oldtimers like Joey Bishop, her dad, Sammy Davis, Jr., when on TV.



Jim "Maverick" Garner is at peace again.



PERSONAL OPINIONS

How do you like the way that little **Nancy Sinatra, Jr.** almost stole her old man's TV show? Both **Frank** and one **Tommy Sands** better watch this singing-dancing 'competition.' . . .

With **Hope Lange** heading for Europe—it raises the bright question as to whether she will—or won't—see **Stephen Boyd** who just happens to be in Ireland and England making *The Big Gamble*. . . .

You can kid about 'the good, clean life'—but who keeps younger looking than **Ginger Rogers** who does not smoke, drink, nor stay up late, and who is still a whiz on the tennis courts and golf links. . . .

Thank heavens most of the 'rebel cowboys' are happily back in the saddle—or at least have smoked the pipe of peace with their studios—including **Jim "Maverick" Garner** whose walkout threatened serious legal battles until peace was declared—also **Jack Kelly**. And, of course, **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** is back in the parking lot of 77 Sunset Strip.

Maybe I'm wrong—but with **Debbie Reynolds** completely inexperienced in the field of Television into which she's jumping this fall with her first Spectacular—I think she's making a mistake with all this rowing with ABC. When there was an argument over whether she should have top stars or newcomers on her first show, she said, "Is this my show, or someone else's?" . . .

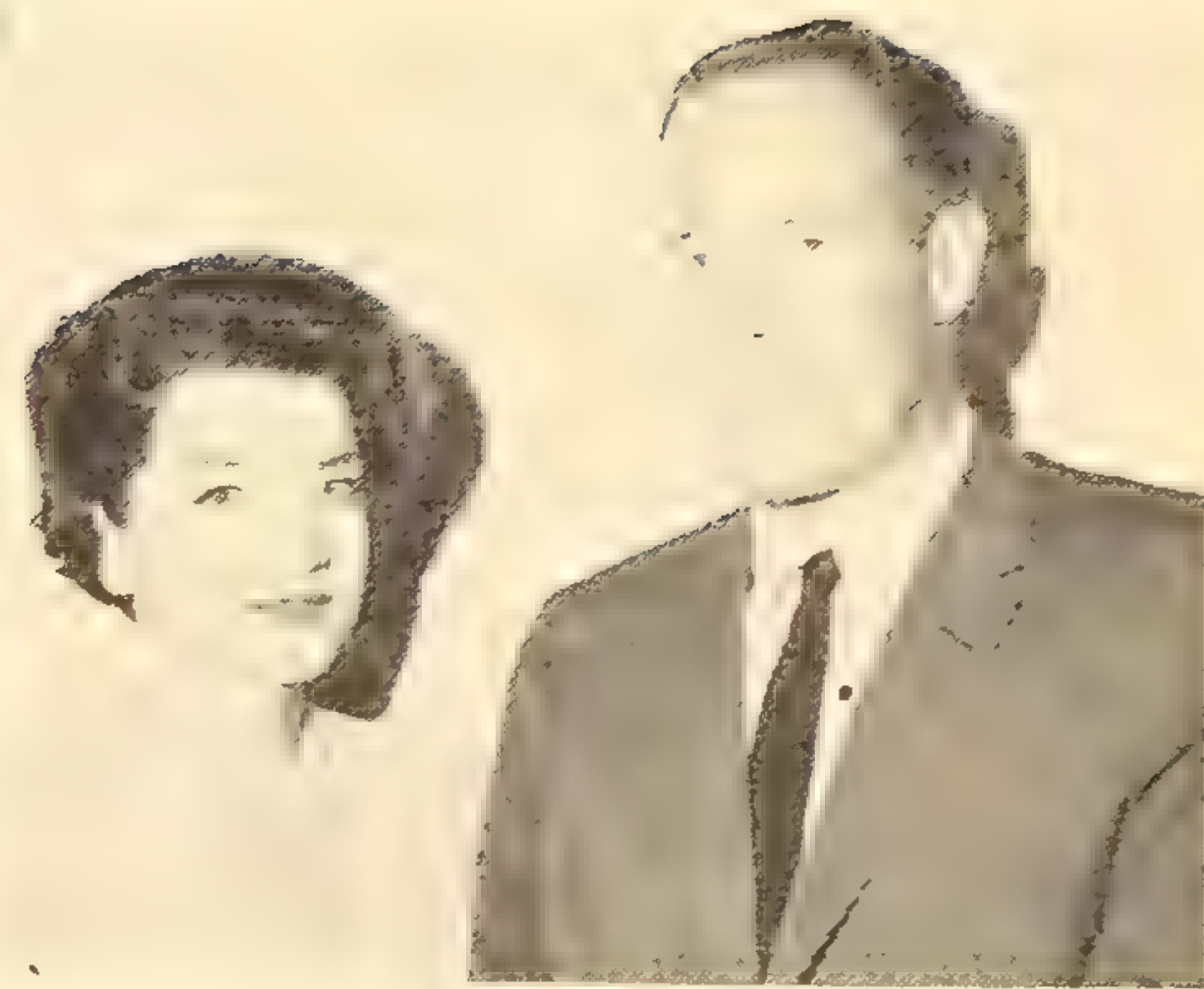
Along with *Lolita*, another book that should never reach the screen, is the slimy *Chapman Report*, as much as I hate to say this about the producing team of my good friends Darryl Zanuck and his son, Richard. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Susan Kohner's got everything—and that even includes George Hamilton!



Anne Baxter and new husband Randolph Galt are living in Australia.



There's a new Tuesday on view pretty and very well-groomed.



A reader suggests that Lana Turner make her daughter Cheryl feel that she is needed.



Louella doesn't really neglect Bradford Dillman.

LETTER BOX

I too was in a corrective home for girls when I was seventeen, writes ROSA, DETROIT, who asks her last name not be used. I feel deeply sorry for Cheryl Crane and also for **Lana Turner**. Through your column in MODERN SCREEN may I offer one word of advice: Let Cheryl's mother and father make her feel that she is needed in their busy lives. Today, I am a happy wife and mother of two teen-age girls and, remembering my own troubled time in my youth, I try to give them responsibilities. Young people want so much to serve and help those they love. Thank you, Rosa, for a letter that has both heart and common sense. . . .

From SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, MRS. LEONA COOPERMAN airmails: It's a kick having a real movie star, **Anne Baxter**, living in our midst—if you can call 180 miles out of town 'in our midst.' As Mrs. Randolph Galt, Anne and her husband frequently drive to town and she is so gracious to everyone. This is a real love story, believe me. . . .

Haven't you ever heard of **Brad Dillman**? snaps THEODORA TIBBS, VANCOUVER. The way

you ignore him and never mention him, I'd just like to enlighten you that he is the finest young actor on the screen. Aren't you a little sarcastic, Teddy? I think your favorite is good, too, and I always print news about him when I get it. . . .

MORTON WEISSMAN, CHICAGO, writes: I was shocked beyond belief to hear William Wyler say that "Ben-Hur" will not be permitted to be shown in Egypt because the heroine, **Haya Harareet**, is Jewish. And that the Egyptians would slash the screen before looking at a Jewish performer. Is it possible that this world we live in is this dark? Unfortunately, what Wyler said about Ben-Hur is true. Shocking, isn't it. . . .

Of all the girls on the screen I most envy **Susan Kohner**, says PEGGY PEPPERS (cute name), ATLANTA. She has beauty, talent—and **George Hamilton**!

CONNIE VAN DOITT, MILWAUKEE, has heard disturbing rumors about her particular favorite male star: I heard he is drinking so much that cameramen have a hard time disguising his bloated face and almost-shut eyes, she writes. Please say this isn't true. The star you are so worried about, Connie, does do a bit of nipping. But seldom when he is working on a picture—so I doubt the cameraman trouble. Not true that your pet is in AA. . . .

It may surprise you to learn that one of the

most intelligent letters I ever received from a movie star came from **Tuesday Weld**, says JOHANNA JONES, SEATTLE. I wrote Tuesday that I was about her age and had some problems and she wrote me in her own handwriting the nicest letter. Why don't you stop taking pot shots at Tuesday? Haven't been doing any sniping at Tuesday lately, my little friend. She's being a model of deportment! . . .

ANGELA DIXON, DALLAS, asks: How many of the glamour girls wear wigs in their movies? How much do these wigs cost? Do they ever give old ones to fans? Motion picture lights are hard on hair—but not nearly as many actresses wear wigs as you may think. A good wig, of real hair, sells for about \$200. No, they aren't passed on to fans because of sanitary laws. . . .

It would not be fair to end this department without mentioning the big amount of fan letters welcoming **Elvis Presley** back to movies. But since most of you said the same thing—"The King is home"—I haven't printed your accolades individually. But I get the point—you are delighted the one and only Elvis is back.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons

Take this **EASIER** Way to **EXTRA MONEY** WITH *Creative* **CHRISTMAS CARDS**

75¢ OF THE \$1.25 IS YOURS ON EACH BIG \$75.00
21-CARD BOX... ON 100 YOU MAKE **75**

May we show you a most unusual collection of Greeting Cards and Gifts for the Christmas 1960 season ahead? So much inspiring beauty, so many smart, new ideas and exceptional values, you'll want to show them to your friends right away. Just do that—show our *Creative* samples—and you'll find yourself making good money in spare time! No experience is needed. You'll enjoy offering beautiful, original ideas, personal service and savings folks want. You'll take pride in your fine extra income.

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Our lovely "Christmas Slims" Assortment pays you a full 75¢ cash profit, instead of 50¢, on each box. On 100 boxes you make fully \$75.00. That's 50% more profit. So you're bound to make the money you want *faster and easier*. You'll please everyone with amazingly *complete* variety of new card assortments for Christmas and all occasions, Gift Wraps, Religious cards, Stationery and Gift Novelties at \$1 up. Gorgeous Album shows 53 Name-Imprinted Cards paying up to \$1 per box.

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Just mail the coupon for full information, **FREE** Album of Personal Samples and our best Assortments and Gift on approval. Sensational \$1.25 **BARKING PUPS** Set is yours **FREE** for prompt action. Clip coupon now.

Creative **CARD COMPANY**

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"IT'S A JOY... MAKES FRIENDS!"

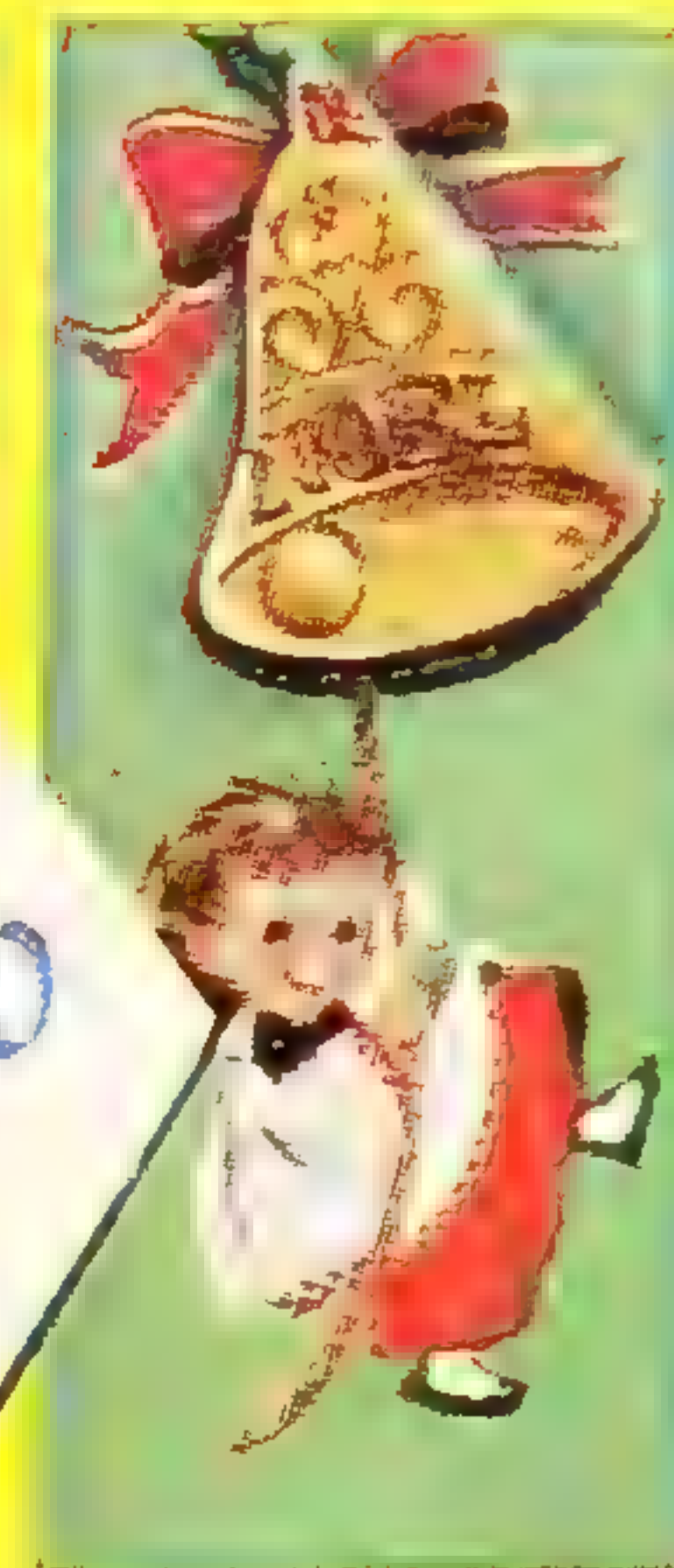
"It was a joy to sell Creative Cards. In spare time I earned nearly \$200 for my church and made many new friends." Mrs. M. G., Iowa



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"Christmas Slims" Assortment of 21 king-size Greeting Cards sells fast at \$1.25. At 75¢ profit per box, earnings add up much quicker.

FREE Album of

Personal Christmas Cards

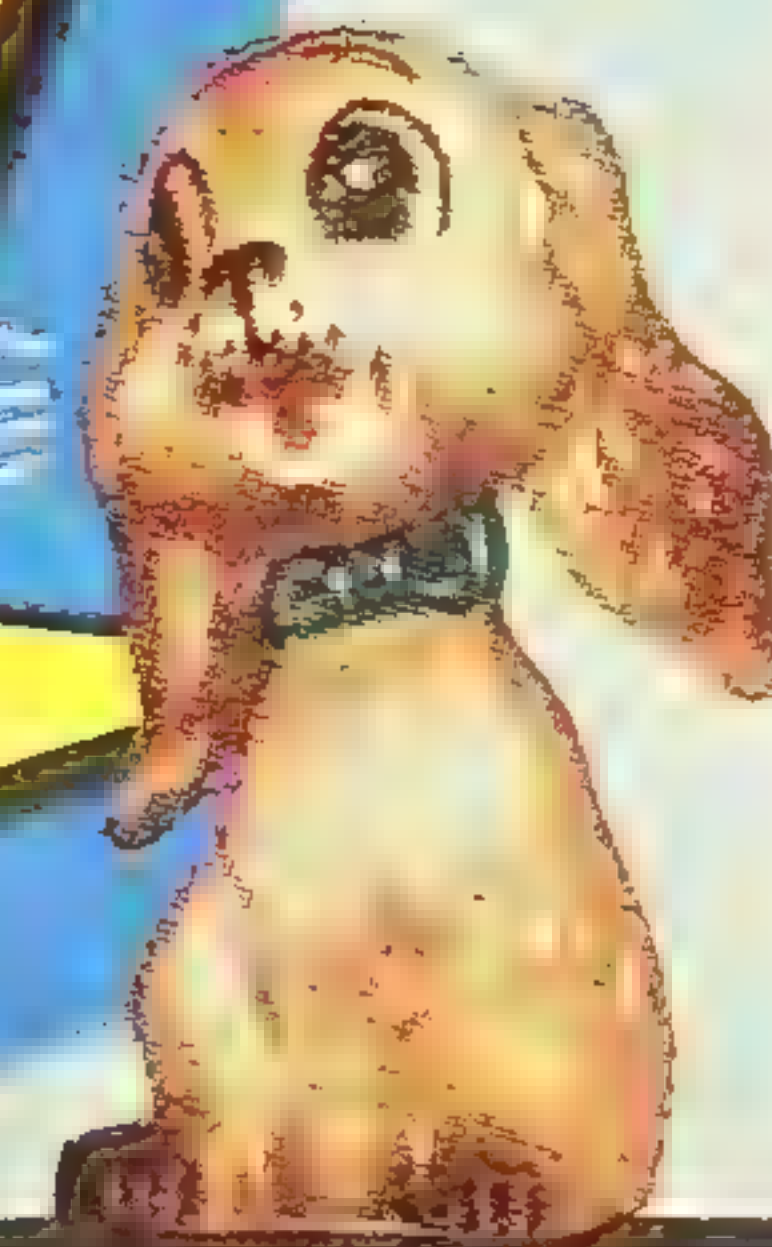
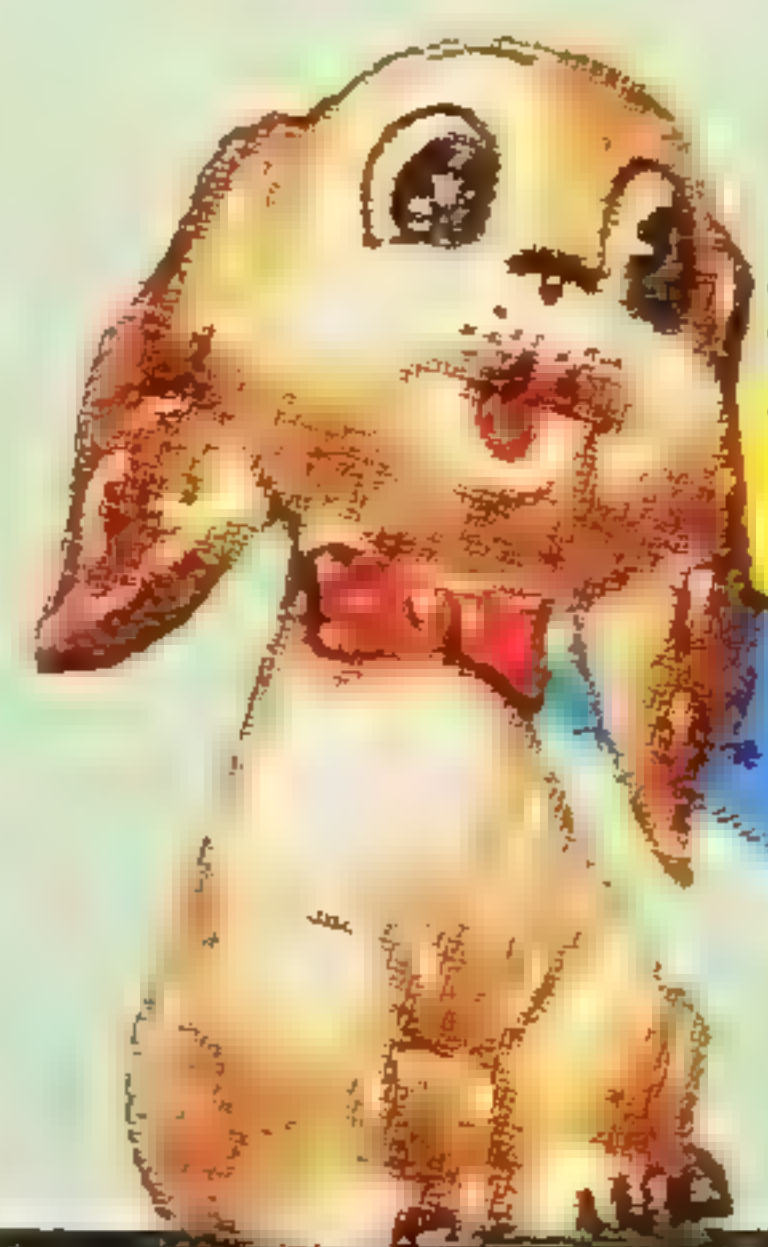
53 outstanding, new designs with sender's name imprinted, from \$1.50 per box. Folks go on a Christmas buying spree when they see samples.



Exclusive, New \$1.25
BARKING PUPS
Salt & Pepper Set

FREE ON PROMPT ACTION OFFER

Charming pair of imported ceramic spaniels BARK when shaken. Over 4" high. Sensational seller. Included in sample outfit, offered Free for acting fast.



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SEND NO MONEY

Everything is sent postpaid, on **FREE TRIAL**. You may return outfit at our expense if not delighted with samples and the way they make money for you.

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says

Jo Morrow

Co-Starring in William Castle's
"13 GHOSTS"

A Columbia Pictures Release

"I LOVE the rich, deep tan that I get with Coppertone", says Jo Morrow. "And it keeps my skin soft and smooth."

Like other Hollywood stars, this ravishing red head won't go out in the sun without Coppertone. For Coppertone gives the *fastest tan possible* . . . with *maximum* sunburn protection!

Florida sun tests *prove it!* Coppertone's special sunscreen *guarantees it!* *Shuts out* rays that burn and coarsen skin; *lets in* ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep within your skin . . . so it tans naturally from the inside out!

Coppertone contains no artificial tanning agent to stain your skin or clothes. No alcohol. It's lanolized and moisturized to prevent drying and peeling. Stays on your skin longer, so protects even after swimming!

Tan by Coppertone . . .
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for fastest tan

WITH MAXIMUM
SUNBURN PROTECTION
GUARANTEED

Don't be a Paleface!

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*America's No. 1
Suntan*

Only suntan product available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, Shade (for children and supersensitive skin). Also Noskote. Save—buy large sizes.

Another quality product of Plough, Inc. Also available in Canada.

See **DICK CLARK** on "American Bandstand" ABC Television Network

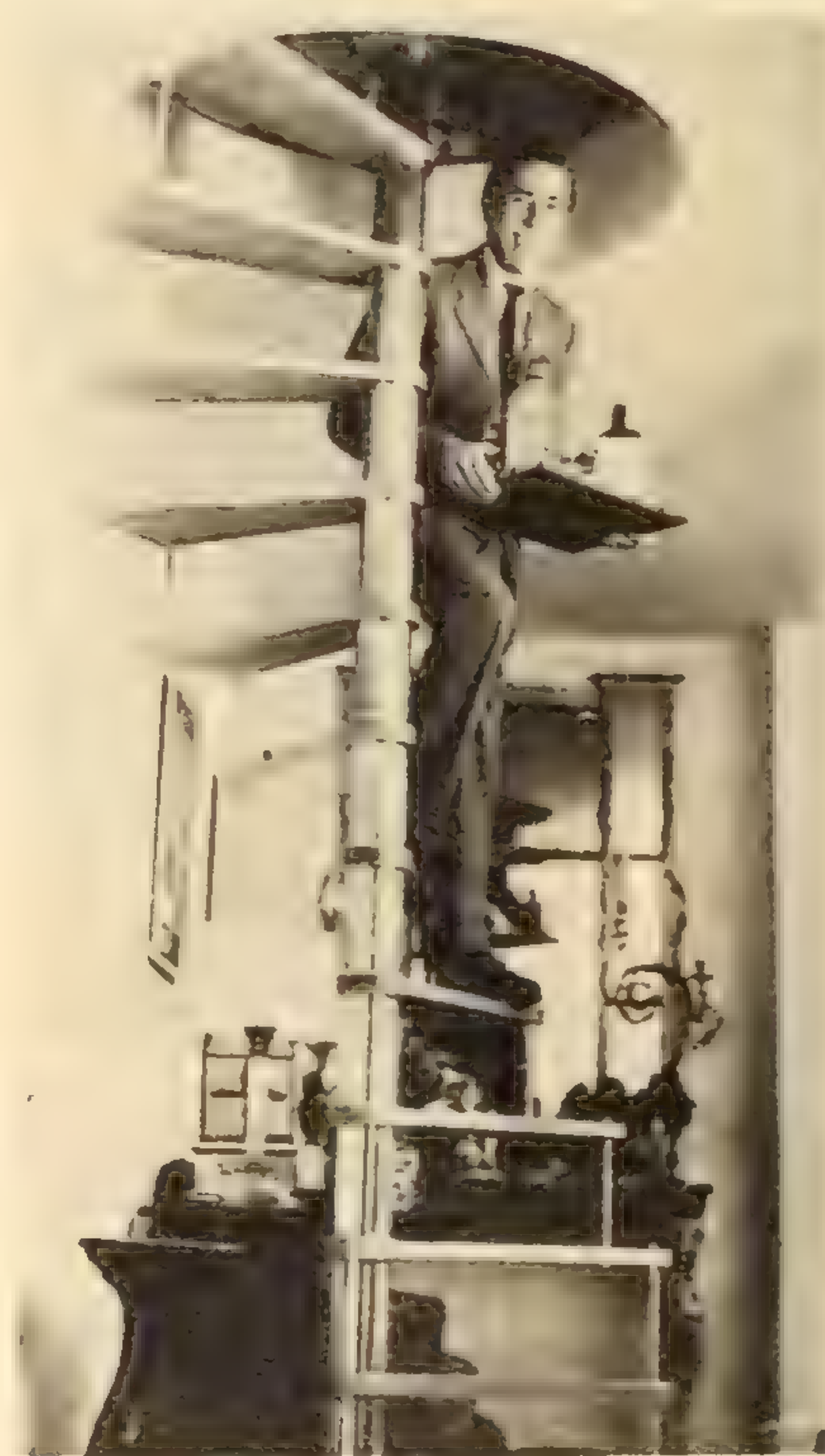


THEY CALLED IT THE MARRIAGE OF THE
DECADE, BUT FOR A LITTLE
CHINESE ACTRESS QUIETLY WATCHING
THE CEREMONY,
IT WAS HEARTBREAK.
HERE IS THE POIGNANT UNTOLD STORY
OF THE GIRL TONY WALKED
OUT ON FOR THE PRINCESS....



Chinese actress ("The World of Suzie Wong") Jackie Chan never made a secret out of her dearest wish that one day she would be Mrs. Armstrong-Jones. Night after night in her tight-fitting dress or slit-skirts revealing her well-shaped legs, she waited patiently in his studio while he worked in his darkroom until the early hours of the morning. He took many startling pictures of her which attracted big people in show business. Thus he helped her career, but for Jackie her love for Tony was always the biggest thing in her life. During the last years, Tony and Jackie were constantly together. Rarely talking, they would

sit for hours over candle-lit meals in his studio. In January last year, when Jackie returned from a trip to New York, he was at the airport to greet her with a long kiss. Two months later, 24-year-old Jackie and Tony went winter-sporting together in Switzerland. Later they spent some happy days at Venice, favorite haunt of lovers. But within weeks of their return, Tony was seen less and less with Jackie, and more and more in the Princess Margaret set. But when Margaret invited Tony to see "West Side Story" for the first time (she'd seen it four times before), when they met at exclusive house parties at Lady Devonshire's London Home, when they had their first week end together at the home of Tony's closest friend, Jeremy Fry, at Bath, when he took the official photos of Margaret at Windsor last August, and when their love ripened during his stay with the Royal Family at Balmoral in October last year, and in Sandringham after Christmas—Tony kept it a secret




from Jackie. Once the secret of his engagement to the Princess was out, reporters tried in vain to get Jackie's story. She loved him too much to spill the beans. Now, however, in an exclusive private talk with us in London, Jackie has agreed, for the first time, to tell her own story....

(Continued on page 59)



Jackie Chan greeting
Tony Armstrong-Jones
at the London airport.

SCOOP OF



Liz makes Eddie to return to his own children

■ Elizabeth and Eddie hustled about their swank seven-room Hotel Park Lane apartment, in New York City.

Liz' sons, Mike and Chris, were in school, Liza was having her afternoon nap, and the Fishers were sorting their things

for a trip out to the West Coast.

Liz held up a divine white chiffon dress, cut in her favorite V-neckline, tiny at the waist, bouffant in the skirt and just knee length. Eddie provided vocal accompaniment . . . "I married (Continued on page 33)

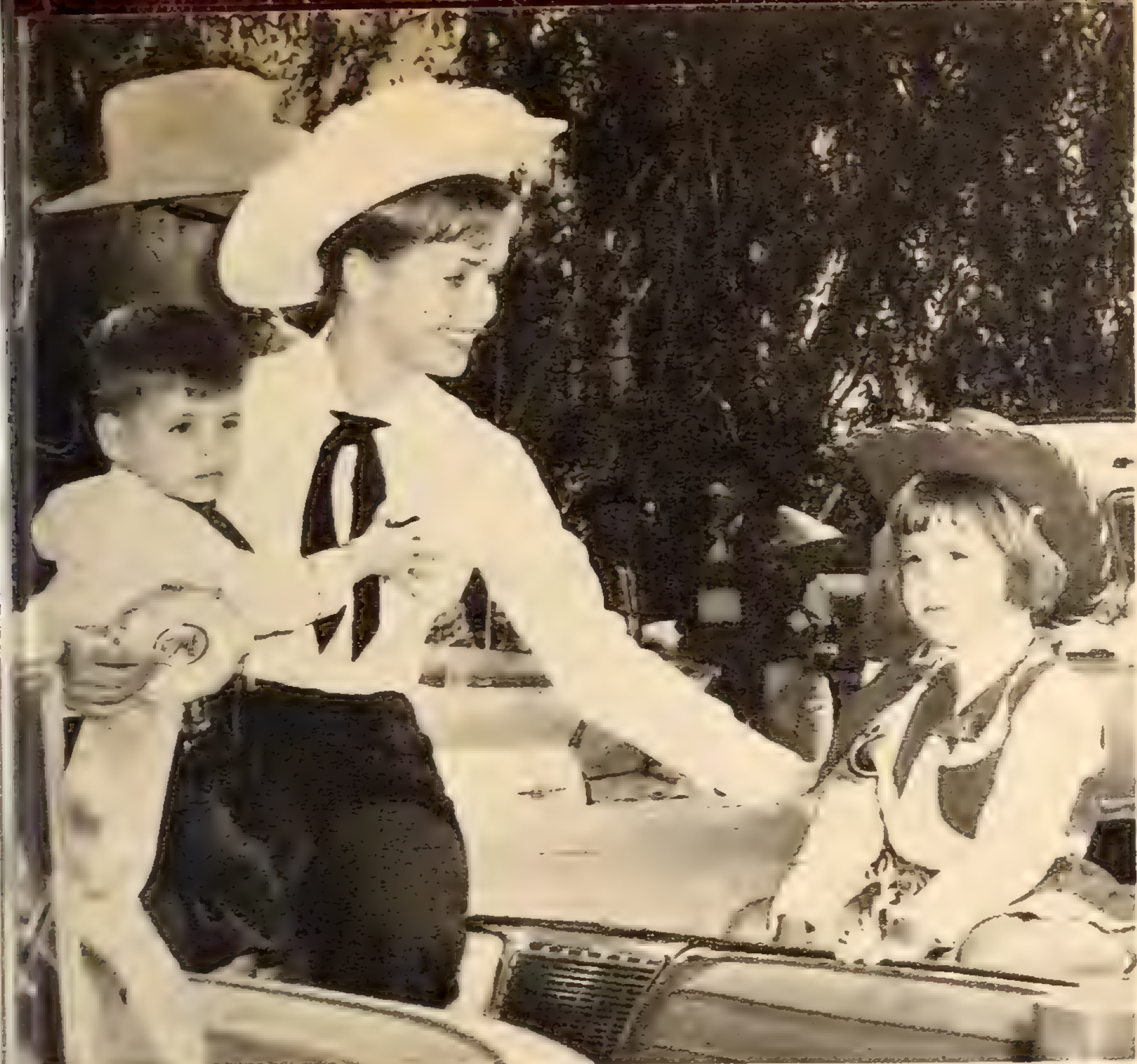
THE YEAR!

sacrifice—





“ Suddenly I knew how much I missed little Todd and Carrie, and I knew, despite all the fun and frolic of their lives, that somewhere, way down deep, they were missing me too... ”



an angel."

"Oh, for heaven's sake—Eddie, I'm not an angel—don't you read the magazines? I'm a wicked woman. Why don't they ever write ballads like *I Married a Wicked Woman*! It would outsell everything on the market."

"Say, that's an idea, nubble-nose," Eddie kidded her, "let's do it ourselves, publish it, and record it with one of our new singers on the Ramrod label! We could do a sequel and have a girl singer do something like: *The Monster I Married*!"

Liz dropped the dress on the king-size lilac-velvet bed, tiptoed up behind her favorite (*Continued on page 62*)



■ Not long ago we received a letter from a reader about Elvis Presley. The letter worried us, and continues to worry us.

We get thousands of letters about Elvis, many of them from people who have been helped by him and who want to share their experience with us, many from people who praise Elvis as a Christian who has never for a moment lost sight of his religion, or lost touch with his God. And that is the Elvis we've known, and believed in and still believe in.

But this *(Continued on page 80)*

HAVE I FAILED AS A TRUE CHRISTIAN?



Elvis gave his guitar to crippled Lynda Padrick, one of the many people who have come to know personally Elvis' goodness



From bathtubs to double beds,
from homosexuality to incest,
here is a shocking report on
the sordid new movies being
shown to unsuspecting adults
& innocent little children...

■ It's Saturday afternoon at the movies and the theater is packed with teen-agers. Some of them are necking in the balcony; some of them have already eaten enough popcorn to ruin their appetite for any-

thing else, but all of them have at least one eye on the giant screen. . . .

The movie has a harmless title (it sounds like a musical); the movie stars three of the most respected youngsters in Holly-

wood (for parents who care, but don't read movie ads, their names are a guarantee of wholesomeness). The movie unfolds. What's it about? It's about a nice girl of sixteen who (Continued on page 73)



scene from "who was that lady"



MARGO

who is
the most
beautiful
blonde mystery
in the
world

.....**MARGO!!!**

■ In the fanciest restaurants and night-clubs, at the most glamorous Hollywood and New York parties, in rooms filled with gorgeous women, one young woman today stands out from all the others—the brightest diamond in a glittering tiara. When she enters a room, even the most jaded eyes turn and blink twice at this flawless face and figure, perfectly (Continued on page 76)

he just didn't want



...the heartbreaking story of Efrem Zimbalist's rejected wife

"But I don't want a divorce!"

There was a touch of hysteria in Steffi Zimbalist's voice. She had tried to control herself through most of the conver-

sation, but when Efrem finally brought it into the open, when he finally said those awful words, "I think it would be better if we get a divorce this

time," she could no longer hold in her emotions.

Efrem just sat there in the huge wing chair, toying absently with his pipe.

ne any more...



There was a pained expression in his eyes.

"Please, Steffi."

She met his gaze. She forced herself to become calm. She

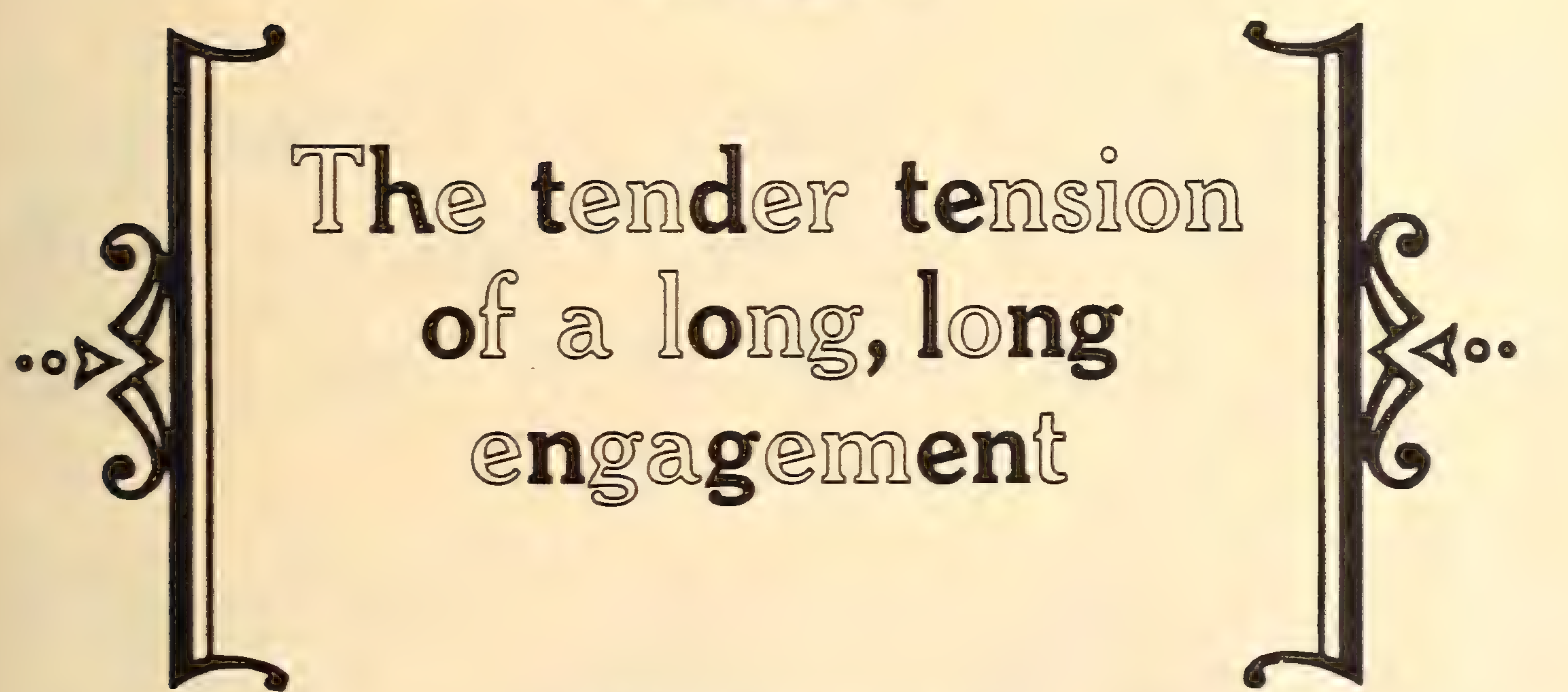
repeated her words, "But I don't want a divorce. I still love you. I love you very much."

"I know, Steffi, I know," he

murmured gently. "But I know, and you know too, if you'll be honest enough to admit it, that the love we had had for each (Continued on page 58)



Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands:
Two kids from broken homes,
Two lovers in the warm California night.
Two human beings longing for each other's arms
but caught in



The tender tension
of a long, long
engagement

He was afraid to say what
was on his mind, embarrassed and
ashamed. Maybe he would—later. He bit into the last
of the tart green rind of his watermelon, and he looked up at her,
sitting by the small campfire in the moonlight, and a
shiver went through him. It *was* hard,
being in love and waiting . . . holding back his love. He loved looking
at her and, silently, his emotion visible in his eyes, he
stared. For she *was* beautiful, no matter what others said. Some
people called Nancy plain; others said she was or-
dinary-looking. They were all crazy. She was lovely, with a madonna
look, soft dark hair, beautiful brown eyes. And
now the firelight dimpled her cheeks and she smiled that slow smile
that shattered his heart. He tossed the hard watermelon rind
on the dying campfire, and it sizzled and sput-
tered. "Tommy," Nancy said, "you (Continued on next page)



We work, we play, we dream...
but nothing helps. These are the
longest six months of our lives!





shouldn't do that. The fire's so pretty. You'll make it go out."

"The fire isn't nearly so pretty as you, baby," Tommy said.

She smiled. She sat on her knees, roasting a frankfurter stuck on a long black twig. "Let me roast you a marshmallow," she offered.

Tommy nodded his head. "Nope. I'm full."

"You eat so fast, Tommy," she said, half-smiling, and her smile made him melt.

"I know," he gulped. "Maybe . . . maybe it's because I love you so much."


"Wha-a-a-t?"

"They say we (Continued on page 74)



how could I te





Asmin her daddy was dead . . .

When Jim Hill came to her on the golf course, his face colorless, his high forehead wrinkled, a stunned expression on his face, she wondered if he were sick.

"Darling," he told her, "please come with me to the clubhouse."

"What's the matter?" Rita Hayworth asked her husband tenderly, lifting a hand under her hair to brush it away from her damp neck.

He didn't answer her. He took her hand and the two of them walked to the lounge of the clubhouse where they sat on a patterned settee in the pine-paneled room. He looked into her searching eyes and, holding both her hands in his lap, he mumbled, "I . . . I don't know how to tell you this, but they've just given me the news on the telephone." His voice was flat, empty, as though he were in a daze, unwilling to believe what he was about to say.

"Aly . . . Aly Khan," he began, "is dead. Killed in a car crash in Paris. . . ."

She looked at him unbelievably for a moment, as if he had gone (Continued on page 63)

■ Last winter, when Charlton and I flew to Japan with "Ben-Hur" we met the Emperor, prowled the Ginza and wound up at the famous Toho movie studios in Tokyo. There, as almost everywhere, interviewers had one burning question for me.

"Ah, so," they hissed politely. "We so respecting you nice Horrywood marriage. Tell, prease—what is secret?"

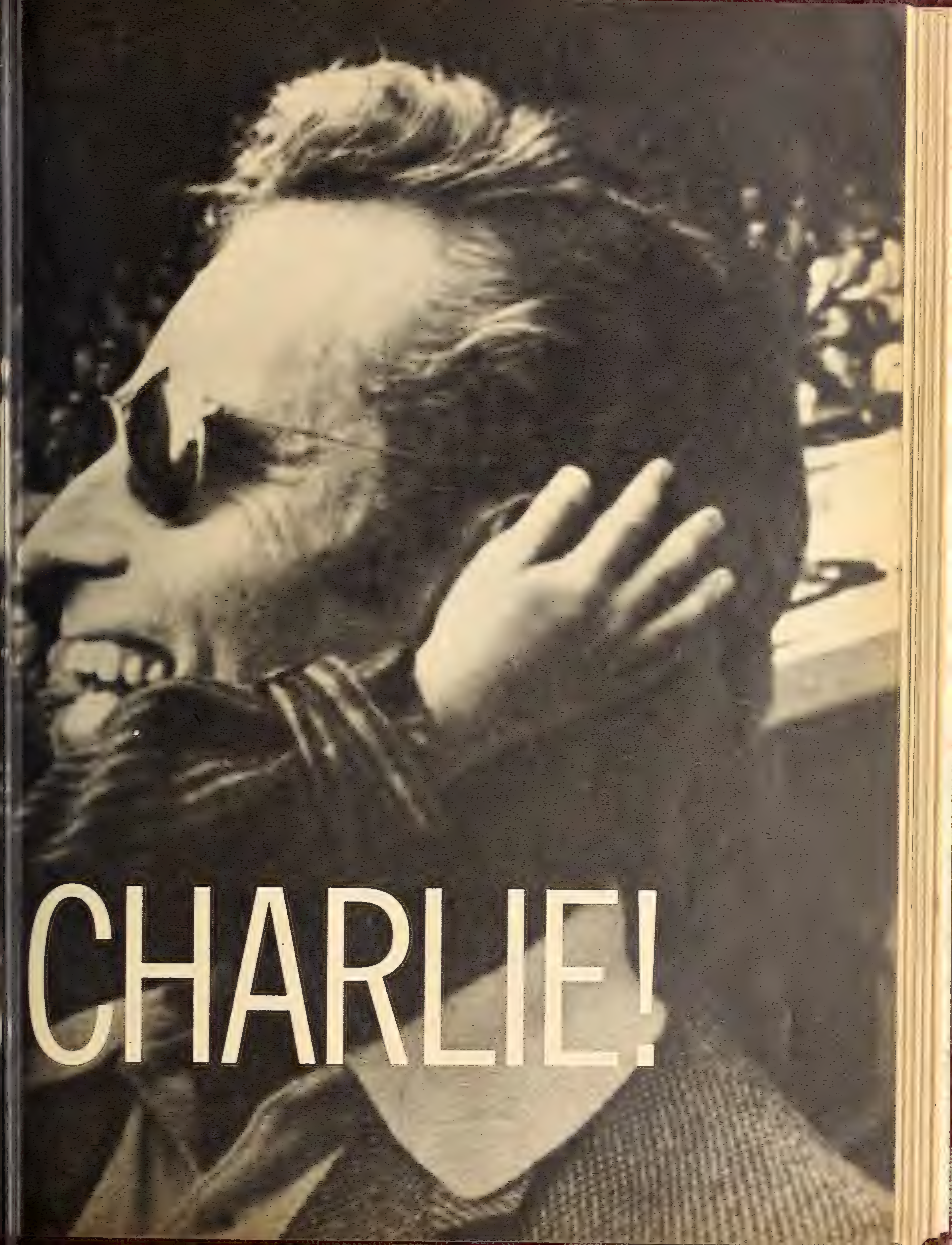
Each time I struggled
(Cont. on page 68)

*Not to be
confused with
Moses, Ben Hur
or anybody
else*

Here's



by Lydia Heston as told to Kirtley Baskette



CHARLIE!



CAROL:

"Can there
ever be a
nice way to
say I just
don't love
you?"

■ When Brandon woke up, the sun was shining brightly, the morning looked like Paradise. When his eyes were really open, he remembered with a burst of pleasure that he would be seeing Carol for dinner, a romantic dinner by candlelight, he hoped.

He reached for the room phone and waited for the operator to pick up his call.

"Your number, sir?"

"Miss Lynley's room, please," he asked happily.

When Carol answered, her voice hit him hard. He tried to compose himself, cleared his throat several times.

After they'd said good morning, he tried to
(Continued on page 71)



BRANDON:

"Can you ever
in your life
forget that
the girl you
love rejected
you?"

HEARTBREAK

Clark Denies
Payola, but Admits
Firm Passed It On

DJ Also

Clark's Story Renews
Call for U.S. Controls
Record Maker
Probers Ca

Dick Clark's
own story
of how his
wife helped
him through
the dark days
of his
trial

■ "Once," Dick Clark said to us the other day, "long before last November, when all hell broke loose for me, I told my wife Barbara a story about a vanilla bean. We

were both talking about certain things we remembered from our childhoods. And I started talking about Susan. Susie was the landlady's daughter, who lived in this same

apartment house where we lived. She was a beautiful girl, a real knockout, a couple of years older than I was, and a couple of feet taller, (Continued on page 65)

Payola
CLARK ADMITS GIFTS

Clark on Story
Facing Rough
By WILLIAM H. A. CARR
Dick Clark tells his story
"We'll go after this fellow"
planned to

op Payola

BY WILLIAM H. CARL
Washington, April 25—Three for
and better, there's no doubt that Dick
payola and plenty of it

Probers Asking:
Wasn't Clark Fired?

Gifts, Yes; Payola, No: Cl
Charges ABC Gets
Clark Item Royalty



ayola Quiz

Thank God...



e: 'Cl
SLOCL

Pick Clark
Jewelry

PAYOLA Quiz
25 Witnesses to
Tell of Clark's \$

for Barbara

CLARK FIRED

ayola Quiz Calls
25 Witnesses to
Tell of Clark's \$

PAYOLA Quiz
25 Witnesses to
Tell of Clark's \$

Sandra Marriage



Dee's Plans

Every young girl dreams
about the man who some day will
march down the aisle
with her to become her
one and only Mister.

But Sandra Dee does more
than dream . . . she has definite
plans for her husband,
more definite and different
than you ever dreamed!

Here, for the first time,
are Sandy's ideas about her
husband in Sandy's own words. . . .

1. He'll never see me in hair curlers.
2. He'll be the real, absolute boss of the family.
3. He's going to be older than me by at least seven or eight years, and probably more.
4. He'll be impulsive, doing exciting things without any warning.
5. I want to be able to respect him, especially his brain.
6. He likes classical and good popular music, not rock and roll.
7. He'll want me to keep on working in movies. My work means too much to me, and I think I can be both married and an actress.
8. I'll ask his mother what he likes to eat, and then fix it for him.
9. His hands will 'intrigue' me; I can't explain it any better than that.
10. I want him to give me advice . . . I need it.
11. He'll bring home flowers; even if it's just one flower, I'll know it's for me.
12. He won't be stuffy or conceited.
13. I hope he'll be able to forgive and forget when I do something awful.
14. He'll want to travel a lot.
15. I hope he doesn't insist on my doing all the housework!
16. He'll be patient with my crazy fads.
17. He won't let me argue with him. (Continued on page 65)



■ It was eleven-thirty in the morning, 1368 Benedict Canyon Drive in West Los Angeles, the home of starlet Stella Stevens (the fabulous *Appassionata* von Climax or "Li'l Abner"). Stella's five-year-old son Andy was playing outside in the yard, when suddenly, as Stella describes it, "I heard a man's voice and a

In cold terror
Stella Stevens ran to the telephone
Operator, quickly,
give me the police...

...my...son...

...been.

car drive off. I ran
out the front door
and saw the car pull-
ing out. There were
two men in the front
seat and Andy was
between them. I
screamed and terror
filled my heart and I
ran frantically to the
phone and called the
police: 'My son has
been kidnapped.'
Then I cried."

Sergeant T. S. Jo-

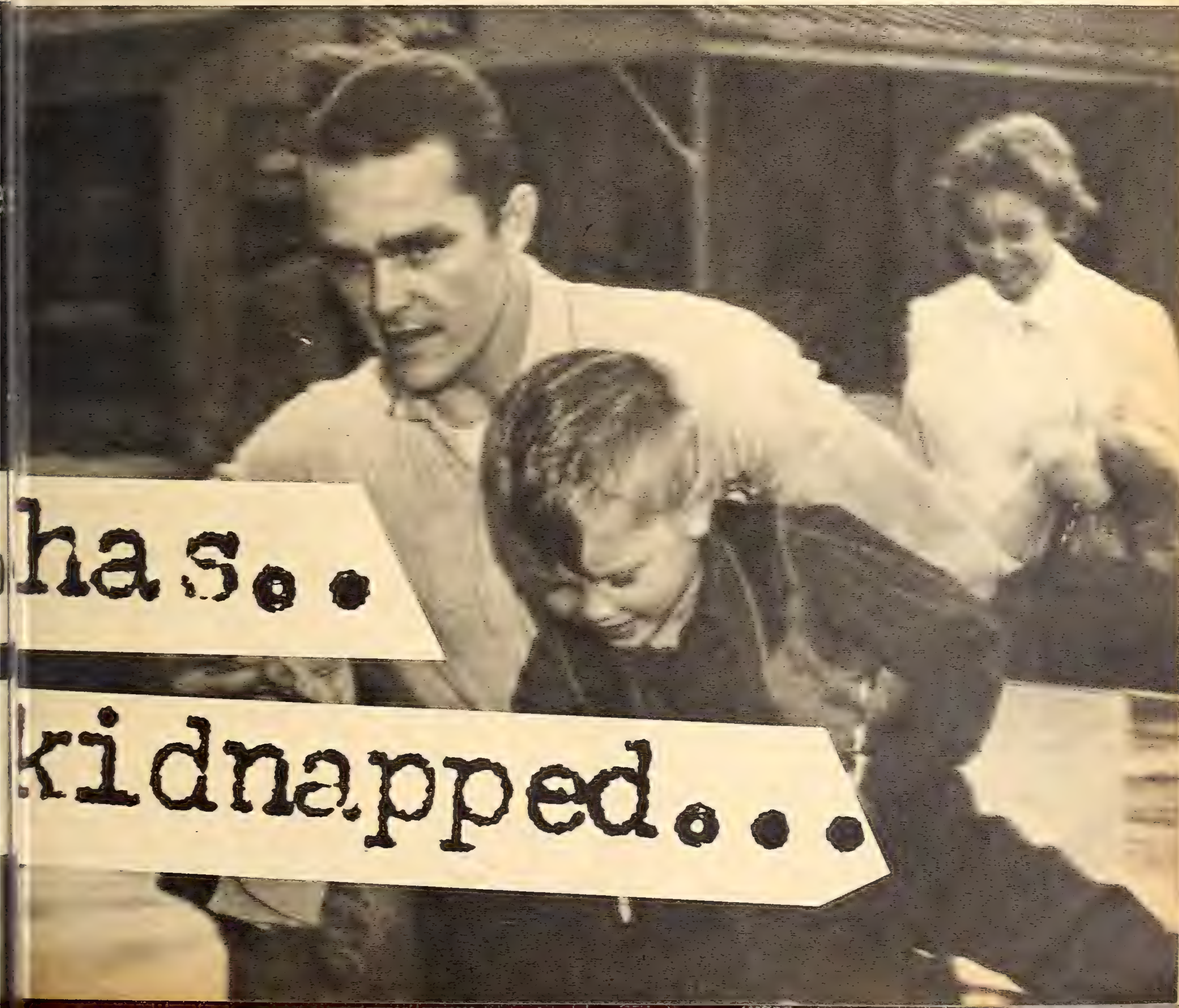
noski, of the Los An-
geles police, realized
that this was a seri-
ous accusation. Kid-
napping, after all,
carries a death pen-
alty. And somewhere,
it seemed to him, he
had read about this
woman, this child.

A glance at the
records showed him
that this wasn't the
first time Andy had
been "kidnapped."

Only the year before
the same thing had
happened, almost to
the last detail . . .
with one difference
. . . the year before
the "kidnapper" had
been Stella herself.

He found the facts
easily. They were a
matter of public rec-
ord. Stella had mar-
ried Herman Ste-
phens in 1954 when
she was fifteen and

he was seventeen.
They had convinced
themselves that they
were very much in
love and eloped. By
1956 they were di-
vorced. There was no
difficulty about a
property settlement
for neither of them
owned much of any-
thing. But they did
have a baby, and they
both loved the baby.
(Cont. on page 78)



He Just Didn't Want Me Anymore

(Continued from page 41)

other was not enough. We gave it every chance. You know that. We tried to close our eyes to everything that was wrong for months before we separated last Christmas. Maybe we didn't stay apart long enough to think things out carefully. Maybe if we tried to work things out away from one another instead of rushing back together within a week . . . we would have known how slim our chances were then."

"But you wanted to come back," she protested. "You've told everyone you've felt like a new man since we reconciled. You. . . ." her voice trailed off.

"Yes. I know. It was my mistake. It was terribly unfair to you. I just wanted to give it another chance."

She didn't want to ask. But she couldn't help herself.

"There's someone else, isn't there?"

He looked startled for a moment and then regained his composure.

"No one person has come between us, Steffi. Not really. It's just—well, that we have been living in separate worlds and neither of us could ever have been happy in the other's."

"But there is someone else," she persisted. "It's that red-haired girl, isn't it?"

Ef said nothing.

He lit his pipe and stared into space for a few minutes that seemed like an eternity to Steffi.

Then she broke the suffocating silence which filled the room.

"You can have a divorce, since that is what you want. It isn't what I want—but I won't stand in your way."

"Thank you, Steffi."

"When will you be leaving?"

"Over the week end—if that is satisfactory to you."

"And the children?" She was thinking of Efrem's son Skipper and daughter Nancy. She would keep them if he wanted her to—for the time being at least. It was up to him.

"I think it would be better for everyone if I sent them back east to their mother's family until I'm resettled. I know it means disrupting their classes—but there will be less confusion in every other way. I'll make the reservations for Saturday."

"And you? Back to the motel?"

"Back to the motel."

They talked a little longer that night—Efrem and Stephanie. They didn't rehash their problems. There was no longer any sense to that. They talked about their plans and the provisions for little Stephanie Jr. and a dozen other details that are among the remains when a marriage has died.

No reconciliation

On the following Saturday, Efrem drove his son and daughter to the airport. He didn't have to explain much to them. They were teen-agers—bright for their age. They understood. Particularly Nancy who was sixteen—and growing so quickly into womanhood. He looked hard at Nancy and thought of her mother: How much alike they were—and how in a few years, Nancy would be so much like Emily when they had first met. Nancy was only six when Emily died. "I suppose," he thought to himself, "it was even harder on her than it was on me."

He put his children on the plane, then drove slowly along the Sepulveda Freeway into the San Fernando Valley—and back to his ranch.

Stephanie wasn't home.

Perhaps she thought it might be better 58 that way.

He packed the remainder of his things, and piled them into the car.

He drove down Ventura Boulevard back to the motel, and then remembering he had hardly had anything to eat he stopped at a roadside drive-in. He felt as though he was having a recurring dream. That he had been through these identical motions before, and then he realized that he had. Last December. When he and Stephanie separated for the first time.

This time he knew there would be no reconciliation.

He remembered Steffi's face when they said good-bye.

Drawn and white. So very white.

Rossano Brazzi says it in *Count Your Blessings*: "Always smile at women. If they are pretty it gives you pleasure. If they aren't, it gives them pleasure."

*Earl Wilson
in the New York Post*

And he remembered it the first time he ever saw it. Radiant and half black with boot-polish stains.

It was just before Christmas, in 1955, and a friend of his, Bill Windom, took him along to drop in on a couple of girls he knew. Steffi was in an old pair of blue jeans, shining a pair of riding boots and she didn't stop polishing even after they were introduced.

"What are you shining, your boots—or your face?" he asked. "And why?"

"I'm going riding tomorrow and I want to look nice when I fall off my horse," she laughed.

They'd joked pleasantly like that for a while and then he had to go. He was due at a party—and he was late already.

"Good luck," he called out as he went to the door, and bet her half-a-dollar she wouldn't fall.

The next day he found a message telling him some lady phoned to say he owed her \$50.

He took the shiny half-dollar and a gift-wrapped bottle of pain killer back to the apartment on 49th Street.

He had intended to stay just long enough to pay his debt.

He stayed all afternoon—and convinced her she was well enough to go out to dinner, especially since he knew of a restaurant with very very soft cushions.

He was in the midst of rehearsals for *Fallen Angels*—which didn't give him much time for courting. But Steffi was very easy to court. If he was two or three hours late because of delays—she understood and was patient.

He was attracted to her because she was fun. Because she knew how to make him laugh. He hadn't really looked at women for five years—not since Emily died.

He didn't think he ever wanted to get married again.

But as he continued seeing Steffi, he wondered if perhaps he should.

He was honest.

He told her about Emily. About the year after her death when he shut himself away from the world in Connecticut. About the three years after that when he worked for his father at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and kept to himself—and away from the theater. He told her why he couldn't face the stage, how the heart for acting had gone out of him because acting had brought him

and Emily together and was something they both loved.

He even told about the gold signet ring he always wore. The one trimmed with blue-bells winding around his initials. She had given it to him because Blue-bell was his pet name.

"I'll always wear it," he told Steffi. And she nodded.

He introduced her to his children—and was pleased they all got on so well together. The kids needed a mother—someone to take care of them and guide them. Particularly since he was returning to a full-time career.

With each day of their relationship he grew to care for Steffi even more. It wasn't exactly the way it had been before—but he didn't believe that anything like that could happen twice in the same way.

He knew, however, that he was happy with her. For the first time in five years his heart was light again.

Two months after they met, they were married.

They seemed ideally suited to one another, with their almost identical backgrounds and worldly experience. Steffi was the daughter of a Washington diplomat and educated in Boston and in Europe, as was Efrem. She was domestic and artistic loved the theater and living in Connecticut much the same as Ef did. And she loved children.

They rented a home in Connecticut and were blissfully happy.

Steffi became pregnant. Another blessing. Then late in 1956, Ef was sent to Hollywood to test for a role in *Sayonara*. He didn't get the part and returned east, only to get a call notifying him that the studio wanted him for *Bombers B-52*, and they were interested in throwing in a seven-year contract too.

Efrem hesitated about the contract. He knew Steffi loved it in the east—where she could ride to her heart's content and be with her friends and family.

But he also knew he couldn't throw away the opportunity. TV was moving west, and in spite of his success in *Fallen Angels*, there just weren't that many stage jobs available for someone who wasn't considered a "name star." Movies would make him a name, he figured. Then he could return to Broadway on his terms.

"Besides," he told Steffi, "if I last out there more than a year we could have our own ranch and all the horses you want. If I'm a flop, we can always move back east."

He flew to the Coast on December 17.

A week later, in time for Christmas, she joined him.

They took a small house, at first, while they waited to see what happened.

Everything seemed perfect

When Warners picked up his option and cast him in *77 Sunset Strip*, they bought the ranch in the Valley, and as a special present Ef bought Steffi the most beautiful horse she had ever seen.

They joined the Tennis Club and The Hunt Club and made "hundreds of friends."

Everything seemed perfect.

Then slowly the marriage began to fall apart.

At first it was just little things. Steffi despite her "hundreds of friends" is shy and retiring among large groups of strangers and she began to hate the large dinners and parties that Efrem was constantly invited to. She went along with him at the beginning. And sat in the corner—while across the room, debonair and self-assured, Efrem was the center of attraction. Even when she remained at his side she was largely ignored by the ladies competing for his attention.

After one particularly upsetting evening, they had it out.

"I hate those parties. I feel like part of the wall-paper. I can't understand why we have to go."

"It's part of the business, Steffi, you know that."

"It's part of *your* business—as far as I'm concerned I never want to go to another again."

"If that's the way you feel. . . ."

That was the way she felt but she didn't think he'd take her so literally. He would receive an invitation, accept it, not mention it to his wife, appear at the affair and with an air of old world gallantry, never explain to a soul why he was alone.

Perhaps Steffi could have adjusted to being alone on these evenings if she wasn't alone so much the rest of the time.

When Ef became involved in a TV series, his hours at work became long and regular. He'd leave the house at 5:00 a.m., often return exhausted at 6:00 or 11:00 p.m.

When Roger Smith was hospitalized last summer, he had to do double duty. When he was home, he was tired and irritable. And Steffi was bored—and irritable.

"I want to get away from this all," she protested one day. "Why can't we go back for a while? When are we going to make that honeymoon in Europe we've been talking about for three years?"

"Steffi, you know I'd like a vacation too. Maybe when we wind up the series for the season. Maybe when I have a few weeks off we can go to New York."

But when he had a few weeks off last winter, he went into *The Crowded Sky* instead.

And Steffi, perhaps as the result of tensions and unhappiness and just not caring enough to think about her health, went to the hospital suffering from a severe case of hepatitis.

When she was well enough to be released, she talked about Connecticut again. But there was still no time.

There were more arguments. And with each argument a little bit of their marriage died.

They both tried hard to prevent a final collapse. Each in his own way.

"The romantic bit"

On November 30, Steffi held a great big surprise birthday party for her husband—the kind of party he liked best.

She was the perfect hostess in every way. She mixed with her guests, made sure that no one was alone, that everyone was having a wonderful time. And if she herself was having less than a wonderful time, she didn't show it. Not even when it was over.

Ef, on his part, tried to come home early, arranged to stay home a little more often.

Maybe both tried too hard.

On December 21st he moved out—for the first time.

"This is it," he said. "I don't see how we can get back together again. It's just too taut a situation to live through."

During the week that followed, Steffi on the advice of friends, consulted a psychiatrist and the same friends then turned to Efrem and convinced him it wasn't good for either of them to be apart.

On January 1, they resolved to spend the New Year and the new decade under the same roof.

Steffi sent for her father in Washington whom she hadn't seen for three years. Efrem called the children and told them to return to California and finish the school term—now that Christmas vacation was over.

On their fourth anniversary they did the town. Candlelight dinner, dancing, "the romantic bit."

They tried to convince themselves that they were happy again.

But they weren't.

And it was shortly after their fourth wedding anniversary that Efrem met the sparkling red-haired young actress.

Maybe if his reconciliation had been working out he wouldn't have given her a second thought.

But after that first meeting he found he was thinking a great deal of her.

There was something about her that reminded him of that first girl he had loved a long, long time ago.

He saw her again at the studio. And he wanted to see her still again.

They had coffee together.

It was innocent. It was meant to be harmless. She knew he was married. They had no intentions of becoming emotionally involved. They said as much.

And yet they knew it was too late for words.

Just as it had been too late to save his marriage.

And he had to face Steffi and tell her he wanted his freedom.

On the night he left his ranch and his home, he didn't want to see anyone.

He decided on a Nevada divorce. He would use his six weeks vacation to establish residence. It would be easier that way. A fast clean break—rather than dragging it out for the year that it takes a divorce to become final in California.

Steffi would get custody of their daughter. He knew that. That was the hardest part of it—and it would be harder on him still if Steffi decided to move back east—as he presumed she would. Yet it would be better than having his littlest girl grow up in a home filled with tensions and discord.

After the divorce—well, he'd let the future take care of itself. . . .

. . . *Variety* reported that he told friends Kipp Hamilton, the pretty red-head that appeared opposite Audie Murphy in *THE UNFORGIVEN*, will be his next wife. And he has neither confirmed nor denied the report. He won't talk of his future plans until after he's free.

END
Efrem will star, for Warner Bros., in *THE CROWDED SKY* and *GOWN OF GLORY*.

Princess Margaret, Her Husband, And the Girl He Left Behind

(Continued from page 28)

Here then, is the report of *MODERN SCREEN*'s London correspondent, Beverly Sills, direct from an interview in Jackie Chan's apartment:

Since the evening of February 27, when the Queen Mother announced the engagement of Princess Margaret to Tony Armstrong-Jones, Jackie Chan has lived in an unwelcomed spotlight . . . as "The girl he left behind." Each night, as she appears on stage at the Prince of Wales Theater, curious eyes are focused on her. As pretty Chinese girls in brightly colored cheongams dance seductively in the arms of carefree young sailors, it is Tsai Chin, the star of *The World of Suzie Wong*, who dominates the dialogue. But somehow, the people in the audience search the scene for Jackie Chan. And whisper, "Which one is she?" And nudge one another, "There she is over there in the corner. . . ."

"That's her. Her hair's different. She puts it up in all the photographs. . . ."

"So that's . . . ?" Even when the words are unspoken, the inference is there. . . .

"That's the girl he left behind. . . ."

Before February 27th, Jackie Chan had been known as an impish, friendly, dedicated young actress—known, that is, to her friends—other aspiring young actors and actresses, students, the gay social things of London's Chelsea set. And her name was familiar to West End casting directors, as both a dancer and an actress. London's press and publicists knew her, too . . . but

primarily as a friend of one of their colleagues. "She was Tony's girl," they say. And for something like eighteen months, theirs was the wedding that newsmen had expected to cover.

They'd expected an announcement back in March of '59, when Jackie and Tony returned from vacationing together in Switzerland. When Jackie came back from a trip to New York that June and Tony swept her into his arms and covered her cheeks with kisses, they'd thought, "Any time now they'll be breaking the news."

"When's the wedding?" was an appropriate question. But Jackie's and Tony's answer was always, "Our careers come first." It occurred to no one that at the time they might have meant it.

Then, as one show business light remembers, "We were sitting around watching TV one evening when a commentator broke in with 'The Queen Mother has announced the engagement of her daughter Princess Margaret Rose to Antony Armstrong-Jones! . . .'"

Princess Margaret and Tony. Tony and Princess Margaret. London went wild. Then, after a while, in the midst of the excitement, Fleet Street scribes suddenly began asking, "But what about Jackie?"

How Jackie took the news

Jackie was in her dressing room at the theater when the news was announced. And it was the beginning of the siege. The

backstage telephone rang constantly. The stage doorman turned reporters away by the dozens. It went on for weeks, with the show's press agents explaining to one and all, "She's not talking to anyone. She hasn't been home. She hasn't been answering the telephone. Even we don't know how to reach her, except at the theater. Everyone's been after her."

Jackie became a kind of nomad. Like the early Marlon Brando, she wandered from one friend's flat to another. But it wasn't just a Brando-like quirk. It was desperation, finding refuge from ringing telephones, inquisitive acquaintances and strangers, prying questions.

The fact that she made herself scarce drove the press crazy . . . yet they respected her for it, from the first. "You don't get the feeling she's being coy about the whole bit and, well, kind of leading us on in the chase," said one. "It's not like the feeling a lot of us got about Peter Townsend who invariably seemed to make a point of hiding out or popping up where reporters were most likely to find him—then protesting in such a way and making such enigmatic statements that all he managed to do was cause Princess Margaret and the rest of the royal family a great deal of embarrassment."

"Jackie sincerely feels embarrassment, herself, about all the attention. And she's tried to avoid it as much as she can—but as an actress, and a responsible actress,

she has to turn up for performances at the theater. Then, too, as an actress, she's not going to be able to stay in hiding, press-wise, forever. But if she feels a sense of loss, there'll be no just-barely trembling lower lip to give reporters the clue, or any other nonsense.

"She's too proud to want a lot of mawkish sympathy, she's too loyal to take a chance of even unintentionally putting a friend in an uncomfortable spot, and she's too well-bred to do or say anything that might embarrass English royalty."

"I am happy for him"

It was a few days after the wedding that I saw Jackie at her apartment. Her first words were a question, "How did you get my telephone number?" She sighed. "I don't know who's been giving it out, but somehow a lot of people have managed to get hold of it. So mostly I've been staying with friends. It's much easier."

"Then it's been pretty bad?"

"At the theater, the phone has been ringing all during performances. People asking absurd questions which I didn't think important."

"Questions such as?"

There was a pause. "This last week, what I planned to wear to the wedding. I just don't think it's important what the guests wear to a wedding. One simply dresses to suit the occasion."

"Questions about Tony?"

"About Tony," she said. "I am happy for him, as one is always happy for one's friends when they get married. . . ."

Born in Trinidad of a half-Russian, half-Chinese father and a Chinese mother, she'd dreamed of being a dancer. She started dancing lessons when she was seven. Her father was a prosperous photographer and she grew up in an artistic atmosphere. "I think you could say I was a bit of a tom-boy," she grinned. "I was the only girl in the family, with two brothers, Gary and Ian, and most of my cousins were boys as well."

It was her long black hair that took the worst beating. The boys' favorite pastime was blowing bubble gum into it and she was constantly having to have it cut out. She retaliated by loathing one of the boys' best friends and encouraging the dog to bite him. "The dog was a little Pomeranian," she grins. "And whenever the boy wanted to pet it, I'd tell him to blow into the dog's face because he loved it. Actually, the dog hated it."

When she was fifteen, her family made arrangements to send her to school in England. "We were all sent to boarding school somewhere," she remembers. "I think my family rather believed in it. I was happy too. You see, my mother was so young that my elder brother and I felt that she was about the same age we were, and I suppose that this was one reason we were always so independent."

Her only regret about leaving was saying good-bye to her one true love. "He was fourteen. Really extraordinary looking—half Chinese, half Spanish, and prematurely grey hair ran in his family, so his was very white. Yes, I was fond of him. But," she grins, "he didn't exactly jump off the dock in despair when I left."

Her school was Elmhurst, in Camberley, a town in the south of England, and there were ballet lessons as well as classroom work. "I was very happy there," she says. "There was only one tragedy that I remember—when I first arrived. Nearby was a boys' college and they would invite the girls at our school over for dances, send a bus for us. I'll never forget the first one. Everyone got terribly dressed up, in full organdies. The only dress I had was a slim Chinese one, with little slits up the sides. The boys must have been about sixteen or seventeen and, when we arrived,

they stared at me as if I were the most freakish thing in the world. I was terribly embarrassed."

She knew what she wanted

When she left Elmhurst, she went on to the Royal Academy of Dance. "I thought I wanted to be a teacher. But I discovered that I was completely unsuited for it. I just didn't have enough patience, so I decided to be a professional dancer in the theater instead."

"Then one day, the headmistress said that the Windsor Repertory Company was looking for someone to cast in a play called *Tobias and the Angel*. She knew the man who ran the company and called him, to suggest me. It was my first acting job. I played a little serving girl and did a little dance. I looked so terrible. I didn't have a clue about how to make up. One of the other girls had to show me exactly what to do." But from the moment she stepped on the stage and said her lines, she knew what she wanted to do—become an actress.

When she left the Academy, she went to Paris, intending to spend two weeks vacationing and then return and tackle the London theater world. "But somehow the two weeks lengthened into six months," she smiles. "I sat for a few artists. Otherwise, I didn't do anything at all. I had a small allowance from my father. I so fell in love with the city, I almost completely forgot my aim in life. Then one day I ran into a girl with whom I'd gone to school. 'Aren't you going to work?' she asked me. I decided then that I should go back. But if I hadn't run into my school friend, I might still be there."

It was a good time for Oriental actresses. She went into the play, *Teahouse of the August Moon*, as one of the geisha girls. She toured England as the principal dancer in the road company of *The King and I*. Then she danced in *Kismet*. There were others. "One was a musical called *Simply Heaven*, which I thought was marvelous. It lasted for three weeks."

Then came *Suzie Wong*. "I just went

along and auditioned," she says. "I was given the part of Lily. It's a very small one. And I was also assigned to understudy Tsai Chin, who plays Suzie. You know," she adds modestly, "there are a limited number of Oriental actresses in London."

Then Paramount began casting the film version of the play and, again, Jackie "just walked in." Producer Ray Stark and Jean Negulesco (the original director who departed) simply looked at her and said in chorus, "Ah . . . Gwenny." And Jackie won the coveted role of Suzie's homely girl friend, who can't seem to get many men . . . a part which has been built up in the film.

Consequently, daytimes, she was playing Gwenny, a completely different sort of girl, playing Suzie at understudy rehearsals, and Lily during the actual performances in the evenings. As for how she managed, she says simply, "It took a bit of adjusting."

Jackie talks about marriage

Her thoughts on marriage:

"I haven't tried," she says. "I've never been married, but I'm quite sure that it's possible to combine a career with marriage. That's what I'd like to do. I think I would hate to be married to anyone who is an actor—but I would like my husband to be interested in the theater."

"I don't believe that a man must be the boss in marriage necessarily, or the woman either. I think—I hope—that it's quite possible to find some sort of relationship where no one's boss."

"I don't believe in being too much with people. It might result in their getting on each other's nerves. So unless a woman who has children is really happy just staying home with them, I think it is nice for her to have a career . . . one that she can work at if she wants to, if she likes."

Romance in her life? "There is someone I'm dating," she says. "He's at Cambridge. I'd rather not talk about him or give his name." (His name's David Cammell, the brother of the English painter Donald Cammell. He keeps her picture in his room, escorts her to parties, says, "We've known each other for six months. I really don't want to say anything about the relationship or discuss romance at the moment, but I can't deny that it might be true.")

"In general," Jackie goes on. "I don't like aggressive men or women. And I suppose most of the men whom I've been fond of seem to be terribly slim."

About her past and present, Jackie says, "I've done what I've wanted to do and have been terribly happy. I make enough to live on in my job. And I can't think of anything desperately upsetting that's happened to me. . . ." This she says without batting an eye, her face expressionless.

Her future is her career. At Paramount they think she has a bright one. Producer Ray Stark has talked to her about a part in *Kowloon*, another big picture, which will be made in the Orient. Before the *Suzie Wong* group returned to Hong Kong to reshoot scenes that were scrapped when France Nuyen left the cast, the powers were saying thusly: "We've decided to release the picture the latter part of the year instead of holding it over. We want to get it into the Oscar race, as we've got some sure-fire performances—we don't see how they can miss nominations. There's Bill Holden, Nancy Kwan . . . and a girl named Jackie Chan."

Jackie Chan, a proud, loyal girl, who with great dignity hides from the world the heartbreak of being the girl Princess Margaret's husband left behind. EN

Jackie can be seen in *THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG*, Paramount.

MODERN SCREEN'S

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Eddie to Return to His Own Children

(Continued from page 30)

monster and clutched him in a bear-hug while they howled at their own expense. Suddenly, Eddie held Liz more tenderly. He stroked her face, cupped it in his hands. "No one but me knows what a magnificent human being you are—me and the children. They don't give gold awards for people like you, sweetheart—just old-fashioned prayers of thanks—like mine."

"Oh come on now," Liz chided him, "here we are off to the land of fun and frolic and here you are spouting campaign speeches. Honestly, darling, you're already elected to be my love for life so you don't have to say such extravagant things to me."

Elizabeth jammed a silly native Jamaica hat on her head and in falsetto sang, "I'm going to get you on a jet to Los Angeles"—and the spell of seriousness was broken with her usual flair for humor and cheer. She said nothing of her dread of that jet.

She picked up two small straw beanies decorated in gaily colored threads. "Todd and Carrie will love those hats," she said warmly, remembering how they had lovingly selected the little gifts.

Eddie's eyes lost their gleam of fun. He sobered immediately. Elizabeth ran to his side, cupped his face in her hands as he had hers only moments ago.

"You miss them so, don't you, my darling. But just think of the reunion you'll have. They'll be so glad to see you," Liz said softly.

"I know, I know, but—" Eddie began.

Liz took his arm and said firmly "Enough for packingsville."

"When we get back from California . . ."

They went into the living room to await the boy's return from school. The tiny terriers and the siamese cat scrambled for position. Elizabeth was draped in a cat and a dog and Eddie was roughhousing with the second toy terrier.

This time it was Liz' turn to turn pensive. "Oh, Eddie, I hate to leave in a way. I love New York, and Chris and Mike are here, and somehow California reminds me of so many things . . . the tragedy, the whispers, the way people out there stared and gossiped. . . . New York has been kinder to me—it's Los Angeles where everyone was calling me a wicked woman."

Eddie comforted her, "We won't be but a few days, sweetheart, and the boys will soon have a holiday vacation when we can have some fun together. . . . We promised to take them to the circus and on a picnic in the park."

They heard the sound of the door being rattled by two lively happy-to-be-home-from-school children. The pets dashed out of laps and arms to wildly welcome their small masters, Mike and Chris.

"We were just talking about you guys," said Eddie, to the two bright-eyed, Eton-capped boys who headed straight for him. "What about?" said ringleader Mike—who doesn't believe in saying one extra word.

"Yeah, what about us were you talking?" said Chris—who doesn't believe in being left out.

"Well, we were just saying about the circus and picnic when we get back from our trip to California. Your mother was unhappy about leaving for a few days and I reminded her about our big plans for your spring vacation period."

"Hey, Mom, if you don't want to go to California, why go?" asked Mike.

"Yeah, Mom," piped Chris, "why?"

There was a silence. Eddie and Liz

looked at each other but neither spoke. Mike, the diplomat, who sensed some trouble in the atmosphere, said, "Guess what. I'm learning to speak French. *Bonjour, Monsieur!*"

"You're not only learning how to speak French," said Eddie finally, "you're learning how to think French, you genius. . . . C'mon, let's get some cookies and milk and then you can help us finish packing and we'll all watch TV later."

The boys trotted off to put their books away. Eddie said to Liz, "You know, Mike's beginning to think like a French diplomat, he can change the conversation so quickly." Eddie said it proudly, almost as proud as if Mike were his own son.

Elizabeth laughed, "Now parents are going to have to take lessons to keep up with their children."

They spent a quiet family evening, reading, chatting, watching two TV programs. Then it was time to put the children to bed—after which Eddie and Elizabeth retired, knowing it would be a busy morning before departure. . . .

They took a jet to Los Angeles—Eddie interlacing his fingers with Elizabeth's, knowing her gnawing nervousness about flights.

They were met by friends, by MGM representatives, by the press and by Elizabeth's parents. Everyone was glad to see them looking so well.

They were houseguests of Kurt and Ketti Frings at their magnificent modern mansion set atop a knoll in Holmby Hills. (Kurt is Elizabeth's agent and Ketti is the Pulitzer-prize winning playwright.)

They talked for hours over dinner, wine, demitasse and cordials. It was exciting to be back in California, Liz insisted, chattering gaily.

Eddie didn't stop her—but he remembered all her enthusiasm about New York. How much she loved it, how much she wanted to live there. He also remembered her conversations about having a country place nearby for the children where they could run and play.

That night in bed the last words he heard his wife say as she slipped off to slumberland were "Good night, Babies—Good night, Mike, Good night, Chris, Good night, Liza."

Eddie kissed her eyelids, and whispered, "Good night, angel."

Eddie's day with his children

The next day was Eddie's morning to visit Todd and Carrie. He got up early, while Liz was still asleep, took the silly hats and a toy monkey hand puppet he had gotten and tiptoed out. . . .

When Eddie got back to the Frings' home, Elizabeth was sitting in a lounge chair by the pool. She held out her arms to her husband. "How are Todd and Carrie, darling," she asked.

Eddie didn't say anything at first. He just stood there, looking very troubled. Finally he answered slowly, "Well, they're fine, of course. They have a good life. A good home. They're healthy and, I think, happy. But when I saw them—" He lifted his hands in a helpless gesture.

"It wasn't quite so bad with Carrie—I mean, she still seemed like my daughter, the little girl I know and love. But Todd—I had taken them to the beach club and we were having milk shakes by the pool. I was feeding little Todd. And well, just that. Little Todd is getting less and less little. He's changed so much, he's getting to be a little boy, not a baby any more."

And I had missed it all. . . . Suddenly knew how much I missed little Todd and Carrie, and I knew, despite all the fun and frolic of their lives, that way down, they were missing me too. . . ."

"Of course they miss you, Eddie; they love you. . . ." Liz said, stroking his hair and feeling that words were inadequate.

"When I look my kids in the eye, when they put their arms around me and call me Daddy—oh Liz, that's rough. Carrie asked me if I was coming home, Todd just looked at me with those big brown eyes of his."

"Try to explain to them what unhappiness is. Try to explain why you had to leave them. Try it. Just try it if you want to experience the most helpless, soul-wracking experience in life—"

Eddie stopped bleakly.

Liz' arms reached out and held him. "Don't torture yourself, my darling, it's going to be all right. It's going to be all right. . . ."

Two days later, Eddie and Elizabeth boarded a train for New York. It was their first train-ride together. They'd been on scores of jets, several yachts, even on bikes with Chris and Mike in London. But never been on a train together.

"Isn't this delicious?" said Elizabeth. "Look at the lovely countryside waving to us while we sit here real comfortable. Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you suggested we take the train. This is the way we should travel all the time."

It was then that Elizabeth decided to spring her surprise: "Eddie," she said "as soon as we can arrange it, we're going to buy a house in California!"

"But—" Eddie began.

"No, darling," she put her fingers to her lips, silencing him. "No ifs, ands or buts. I've made up my mind. You are my life, my happiness. I could never be happy if you were unhappy. I couldn't go on living in New York, knowing how you're longing to be with your children, and never saying anything for fear of worrying me. I've made up my mind, Eddie—and you know you can't cross me," she grinned at him. "But what about the house in Westchester, honey? I thought you wanted to be a New Yorker."

"Well I do—but—"

"Yeah, I know—but you know I want to live in California to be near my children and so you're changing your mind about living in the big city."

"Well, I'll tell you," Elizabeth smiled. "we'll make a little deal. I'll go to California like you want, if you promise that when we visit New York it will always be by train, like this."

Eddie shook his head vigorously. "Elizabeth, you're a cornball. That ain't a deal—baby, that's a steal. And you're on."

The train clickety-clacked as they made their plans to go home to California. EN

Liz and Eddie will star in BUTTERFIELD for MGM; Liz, later, in TWO FOR THE SEESAW, for United Artists.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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How Could I Tell Yasmin Her Daddy Was Dead?

(Continued from page 47)

stark raving mad. Then, as his warm eyes stared into hers a chill ruffled her heart. Could . . . could such a terrible thing be true? Aly . . . dead?

"I . . . I don't believe it," she whispered, and she wondered for a moment if she were dreaming a tortuous nightmare. "Aly's so young. How could he die?"

Jim called the waiter and ordered drinks for both of them. Then he explained Aly was killed outside of Paris. He was at the wheel of his sleek and expensive Italian sportscar, the new Lancia convertible he'd bought only eight days before. At an intersection, on a sloping road along the Seine river, another car was speeding straight at him. Aly was trapped behind the wheel, his neck broken and his chest crushed. The other passengers, the model Bettina and his chauffeur whom Aly had asked to sit in the back seat, escaped with minor injuries.

A piercing scream tore from Rita's throat, and, as she screamed, all she could hear in her ears was the sharp slamming of brakes, an ear-piercing squeal of tires—and suddenly the blinding fatal crash.

She collapsed in Jim's strong arms, and the golf club ambulance was summoned. Jim rushed her to the hospital for sedation.

A mournful bell

In her luxurious aquamarine bedroom, Rita lay on the giant-sized bed with the tufted ivory satin headboard. Lace-edged pillows of lilac and purple were propped behind her. It was almost sunset, and dust motes swirled, spiral-like, in the slanting

rays of the late afternoon sun that poured through the criss-crossed silk organza curtains at the wide windows.

The tragic news tolled through her head like a mournful bell. Aly's dead . . . Aly's dead . . . Aly's dead! She coughed for a spell, and her head throbbed. She was groggy from the pills the doctor had given her at the hospital. Jim, dear Jim, sat by her side now, holding her hand.

In her aching mind the years rolled back furiously, like a long carpet hurtled downhill, and she saw Elsa Maxwell, beaming like a proud mother, at a party in Cannes in 1948, making the introduction.

"Dearest Aly," Elsa cooed, "you'll adore Rita. She's one of our most exciting actresses. . . ."

"I know," Aly spoke in a low, soft voice, his eyes burning through Rita, "I've seen all her movies."

Rita was fascinated; no doubt about it. Aly was one of the most glamorous men she'd ever met in her life: darkly good-looking, courtly and bursting with manliness.

They talked light talk that evening: about the other film stars visiting Cannes, the lovely Riviera weather, their mutual love of music.

And, a little over a year later, Rita, (dressed in a pale blue chiffon dress and a matching huge picture hat), and Aly accepted the vows of marriage in Aly's palatial home in Vallauris, France. . . .

When their daughter Yasmin was born, Rita believed she had found the enduring happiness she needed. She planned to re-

nounce her film career and live the rest of her life as a doting mother and wife.

But Aly's interests were too far-flung, too unpredictable. There were wild rumors, never-ending tales of his promiscuous love life which shattered her. And three years after their marriage at Vallauris, she announced through her lawyers that "various factors, including my husband's extensive social obligations and interests, make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

Aly was crushed, bewildered. He wrote her a long letter, beginning with *My Darling One . . . I do not want to marry again, so a divorce doesn't interest me.*

The letter tore at her heart because she adored him and loved him, but she knew their lives could never mix. She couldn't live the frantic gypsy life of his playboy spirit. She was proud of him, yes, but that wasn't enough. She wanted a foundation, a solidity to their marriage. His brilliant horsemanship, his championship auto racing, his glamorous friends in the international set—all these things were fine but they didn't provide the foundation stone Rita needed so desperately in marriage.

When they divorced, she told Aly she would always love him. And this was true. She couldn't destroy his spirit in her heart, the generous, fun-loving, carefree manner that first attracted her to him.

What she loved most of all in Aly was his goodness, something the world didn't have an opportunity to know because he refused to exploit his good deeds. How

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many times she had seen him help people! Once a doorman in Deauville, depressed because he didn't have enough money for an iron lung for his daughter who was stricken with polio, was quietly slipped 100,000 francs after Aly had learned his sad news. Another time Aly gave thousands to an orphanage that was in debt. And there were many, many other moments that he refused to talk about, begged her to keep quiet about because he felt a good deed was not for publicity but for the deep satisfaction within the human heart.

Rita sat up in bed. She had lingered long enough. Jim helped her into her robe. He had summoned Yasmin from her skating lessons, and she was in her room playing. Rita squeezed Jim's hand.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Jim asked.

Rita took a deep breath. "No. No, darling. I . . . I must do it alone . . ."

She walked slowly to Yasmin's room to tell her daughter, somehow, that her daddy was dead.

How should she begin to break the news?

Yasmin looked up at her mother from the book she was reading. Her dark eyelashes always reminded Rita of Aly. Yasmin was ten now, tall for her age, sitting on the chaise-longue with her pink embroidered skirt puffed all around her.

The apple of his eye

"How were your skating lessons, my love?" Rita asked, leaning over to embrace Yasmin and kiss her.

"The teacher said I did real well. But they wouldn't let me finish. They made me come home early, Mommy. Why?"

"I . . . I wasn't feeling well, and I wanted you to be here with me, Yasmin, because I . . ." She couldn't go on. She couldn't shatter the child's innocent heart. How

could she tell her that she would be fatherless for the rest of her life, especially since the two of them were so devoted to each other. Aly adored Yasmin; she was the apple of his eye. Of all his children, she was the only one to have developed his fondness for horses and racing, and he always boasted about this.

"When I see Daddy this summer," Yasmin began, "I'll skate for him and he'll clasp his hands and say, 'Bravo, Bravo!'"

"Darling," Rita started again, "you know how much we all love you, and I want you to listen carefully. Last night . . . your daddy . . . met . . ." She held back a moment; she was on the verge of saying God. She caught herself. Yasmin was being raised in her daddy's Moslem faith.

"Last night, my love, your daddy met Allah," Rita said, her eyes closed.

"What?" Yasmin asked incredulously.

"He . . . he met Allah. He was driving a car, and Allah called him and he . . . went forth to meet Him. Yasmin, my darling, your father will always, always be with you, in your heart, because you love him and he loved you. You know that. But last night . . ." Her voice trailed. She wondered if she was making any sense at all.

"Mommy, Mommy," Yasmin called nervously. "I'm scared. Something's happened. I can tell. Your—eyes are crying! What happened?"

"Oh, my love," Rita cried, clutching Yasmin to her breast, lowering her voice, "your daddy is dead. But, my darling, he . . ."

"I want my daddy!" Yasmin began crying. "I want my daddy! I want to talk to him on the telephone!"

There was a knock on the door. Jim came into the room. Yasmin jumped up and down screaming for her father, and he went over to her and took her in his arms and said, "Yasmin, we love you . . . and I want you to understand that nobody, nobody wants to hurt you. God makes all the big decisions in life, and God decided . . ."

But Yasmin wasn't listening to a word he said. She was screaming, "Daddy! Daddy!" and Rita dropped to her knees, made the sign of the cross and begged her Saviour for help.

A prince among men

Hours later they put Yasmin to bed.

Rita was going to stay with her through the night, and she stretched out on the chaise-longue.

Tomorrow she would tell Yasmin that regardless of what rumors she would hear about her father in the days to come, she must always remember he was a prince among men. How many of his friends had said you always felt better after you talked with Aly for a few minutes, that you were in a better mood to face the humdrum problems of the day-to-day world.

And recently, after all those years of fast living all over the world, Aly had chosen to serve as the head of the Pakistani delegation to the UN, and he'd been lauded for being a bridge and a link between the nations of Asia and Africa and those of the Western World.

Rita reached out for Yasmin's warm hand in the darkness of the room, and she wondered, for a moment, if there might have been any truth at all to the gossip she had heard lately. That Aly was tired of life, exhausted by his whirlwind pace with women, horses, cars, society.

No, she couldn't believe that. Life was too full for Aly; the Aly she knew was love with life. If death reached out to him early, then the only comfort for all of them was that Aly had lived to the full—and that he died with few, if any, regrets.

Rita stars now in STORY ON PAGE 64 later, in U.A.'s FIRST TRAIN TO BABYLON

Sandra Dee's Marriage Plans

(Continued from page 55)

8. He'll propose to me, probably when I'm twenty-two.
9. He won't be a gossip, especially not about women.
10. He'll make every major decision in our lives.
11. He'll be six inches taller than me, and probably nearer a foot taller.
12. I go mad over clothes, so he'll have to share more than share our closet space!
13. He'll definitely have to be in charge of the budget.
14. I've always admired a man who's dignified.
15. I want more than one child, 'cause just one can get awfully spoiled. I know, I am one. We'll probably have four children.
16. He'll want to eat out lots. I like to cook, but sometimes my cooking is disastrous!
17. He won't expect me to act "icky!"
18. He'll have a deep, masculine voice.
19. He'll be the one to decide where we take our vacation.
20. I'll be a very good mother, I think, but not for our children, not for him.
21. He'll want me near him, but not all the time.
22. I want to have the feeling that he's

- taking care of everything and that I don't have to worry about a thing.
33. He'll have strength, the will-power kind.
34. It would be nice if he liked to do dishes. . . .
35. But I never want to see him in an apron!
36. He'll have to be firm with me. I spend money impulsively.
37. He won't want me to be a baby or 'cute little girl.' I've had enough of that!
38. He'll be able to talk to me, 'cause I love to gab!
39. I guess, unconsciously, I visualize him like my stepfather.
40. He'll have to be patient with my grooming habits, 'cause a lot of my success depends on my keeping neat . . . and that takes a lot of time!
41. He'll let me keep my old, close friends.
42. It would be so nice if we could just stay home some evenings. I can get awful tired of the social whirl in Hollywood.
43. He'll want to protect me.
44. He won't let me domesticate him.
45. We'll always have something to look forward to.

46. He won't mind having pets around the house; I'm crazy about dogs.
 47. We'll be able to talk out any disagreements we have, and never fight them out.
 48. He'll give me lots of perfume.
 49. We'll constantly be discovering things about each other.
 50. He'll want me to make him happy.
 51. He'll dress neatly, but that doesn't necessarily mean formally . . . just not slovenly.
 52. He'll make the everyday routine of our marriage seem like one long, glamorous courtship.
 53. We'll have our honeymoon in a spot he picks, and it'll be a complete surprise for me.
 54. He won't be moody.
 55. He'll treat me like a grown-up woman, of course.
 56. We'll make a career out of our marriage, just as determinedly as our other careers.
 57. Whenever I get lonely, he'll be nearby.
 58. He'll be patient when I don't keep our house neat as a pin.
 59. Of course we'll be in love, but . . .
 60. He'll never realize that I've caught him!
- END

Sandra's newest pictures are PORTRAIT IN BLACK, DAFFY, ROMANOFF AND JULIET (all U-I), and GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN, Columbia.

Thank God for Barbara

(Continued from page 52)

So I had a mad crush on her. She was my first honest-to-goodness love. But Susan, she'd pay me very little mind. In fact, the only time she did notice me was whenever I was in any kind of trouble—if I hurt myself playing, if I was worried about something, if I was angry about something. Then, seeing me like this, she'd say to me, without asking what was wrong, 'Dickie, how would you like to come inside and smell my vanilla bean?' And then she'd lead me into the kitchen of her family's apartment and over to a cabinet, where she kept a big olive jar with a bean inside. And she'd lift off the lid and let me take a whiff, real sweet-smelling and delicious, it was. And then she'd say to me, 'How Dickie, doesn't that make everything feel all better again, just to smell that love-vanilla bean?' And I'd look up from the jar, at that pretty face of hers, and I'd say, 'Yes, Susie, it sure does . . . it sure does!' . . . Well, that was the little story I told Barbara once. It's strange, but even though she laughed when I told her and even though she repeated it to someone a couple of days later, I'd have thought she'd have forgotten it after a while. But she didn't. Years passed. And came the time when all hell broke loose for me—and she didn't. . . .

The investigation

The hell to which Dick refers erupted one day early last November, when a Congressional committee, finished with the TV quiz scandals, turned next to disk jockeys, facing their carefully-honed needle on a record of alleged corruption in the deejay ranks. That day, committee investigators came ringing out at Dick Clark, the biggest deejay of them all. And within a week, though he managed to hide it well from his American Bandstand cameras and his 10,000,000 viewers, Dick was a very much-stressed young man. For day after day, for a few hours before show-time each day, Dick sat with the

investigators in his small Philadelphia office, a few yards away from the Bandstand studio, and repeated, over and over again, that he was innocent of any of their charges.

"I have never, for my part, agreed to play a record in return for payment in cash," he said.

While the investigators, for their part, seemed unimpressed.

And as the first few days of questioning passed it became more and more clear to Dick that the boys in a back room on Capitol Hill were getting busy tuning up the drums that would accompany his march to the witness chair in Committee Investigation Room No. 3 one day soon, and that, because of the built-in bad publicity that normally accompanies most occupants of that witness chair, a world he had built these past few years, a comfortable and happy and prosperous world for himself and his family, might soon come tumbling down.

Those first few nights at home, following the questioning periods, then the show, Dick said nothing about what had been going on to Barbara, his wife.

And Barbara, likewise, said nothing to him.

"It was as if," Dick recalls, "we both thought the whole thing might blow over. I was tense, and Barb knew it. The lies and insinuations that were being hurled at me now by certain parties stuck in my stomach, and hurt. But deep-down I was convinced that if I kept on telling the truth I'd be believed and there would be nothing to worry about. So I'd come home and say nothing about any investigation I'd been through, any headlines I was making—I'd eat like normal, play with Richard (his three-year-old son) like normal, watch some TV with Barb and go to bed, all like normal. I had faith, as I said, in the truth. And in people. Neither, I felt, would let me down."

It was a little over a week after the preliminary talks with the committeemen

ended when Dick's faith began to wane.

One evening, shortly after he got home, his phone rang. A reporter for one of the country's leading slick magazines was calling from New York. The reporter was soft-spoken and sympathetic.

"We think it's a damn shame up here, what you're going through, Clark," the reporter said. "If it's all right with you I'd like to come down to Philly, talk to you and get your side of the story."

Dick responded by saying that he appreciated the sympathy, but he thought it was a little early for any story.

"Clark," said the reporter, "listen—there are millions and millions of kids all around the country, and parents too, who are with you and who want to hear what you've got to say about all this. You owe it to them, Clark."

He talked a little more, more and more persuasively.

Till, finally, Dick agreed to the story.

For two days after that, beginning the following morning, Dick talked with this reporter, answered all his questions. They talked at Dick's office, in the studio, while taking walks, over lunch in a small restaurant not far from the studio, over after-the-show cups of coffee.

Following the second and final day of talks, they shook hands warmly as the reporter prepared to leave Philadelphia and head back for home and his typewriter.

"Good trip," were Dick's last words to the reporter.

"Thanks, Clark—and good luck, best of luck, to you," were his last words to Dick.

It was later that night when Dick found out what the man had really been up to all along. . . .

He and Barbara had a dinner date with some friends. They left the house at about seven o'clock. Only Richard Jr. was home, sleeping; and the babysitter.

It was about half an hour after they left when the front doorbell rang. The babysitter went to answer. At the door stood a man who identified himself as a reporter from New York. He said he'd been interviewing Dick these past couple of days and that he'd dropped by for some more information.

The babysitter told him that Mr. and Mrs. Clark weren't home.

"I know," the reporter said. "But that's all right—I can get what I want just by glancing around."

Then he walked past the woman and started to look around the house. He took notes on items of furniture; how much furniture there was, what it looked like. At one point he went over to some draperies, felt them and said to the babysitter, "Mmmm, pretty expensive taste your boss has."

"I wouldn't know," the woman said.

Then he began to question her. He asked what she knew about Mr. Clark's financial status, about what items around the house were gifts and what had been bought by him.

He asked and asked.

But the babysitter wouldn't answer.

She was suspicious of this man. She hadn't liked his barging in in the first place, and now she didn't like his questioning tactics.

Softly, she told him that he had better leave.

When he just smiled, and didn't, she told him again, loudly this time.

"You're trespassing, sir," she said. "I don't know about the law in New York, but in Pennsylvania trespassing's illegal. . . . Now if you'll get out of my way—" she went on, beginning to head for the phone, "—I'm going to call the police."

That did it.

The reporter left.

What some people are waiting for

"When Barbara and I got home the babysitter told me what had happened," Dick says. "From her description of the man I knew it was the same fellow I'd been confiding in these past two days. I couldn't believe it. . . . At first, I blew up. I thought of that reporter, with me these past two days, his smiles, his laughter, his sympathy, his handshakes—all of it so phony. Suddenly, I blew up. I wished he were still there, in the house, so I could belt him one in the nose. I began to shout. 'That's what a character like that deserves, breaking into a man's house like that,' I shouted. Barbara, who'd been in the baby's room, seeing how he was, came rushing out. 'Dick,' she said, 'that wouldn't do any good—and it certainly wouldn't help you, not at a time like this. It's just what some people are waiting for. It's all they'd need!'"

"Barbara's phrase, what she'd said about 'what some people are waiting for,' began to spin around in my head. *Some people, I thought. Waiting . . . waiting. . . .*

"I thought of people like this reporter, like some others I knew of, jealous people—pure and simple, jealous people, who begrudged me because I'd become something of a success and who couldn't wait to see me get it in the neck. Some people, I thought, make the whole thing—the hard work, the planning, the struggling, the prayers, the hopes—not worth it at all.

"After our babysitter left for the night Barbara and I had a talk, a long talk. I told her how disgusted I was with everything and I asked her if she'd mind if I quit the business, show business, after this mess was over. Some sources have reported that I wanted to quit right then and there. This isn't true. At no point did I ever consider throwing in the towel. It would be like a prizefighter sitting in a corner and quitting before the first round. But it is true that I thought of getting out eventually. And I talked to Barbara about it that night.

"She heard me out. She saw how disappointed I was, how shook I was by the accusations being made, how shook I was that some sources were calling me a liar, already, before I had a chance to be heard.

"When I was through talking she said to me, 'Dick, I couldn't care less if you left the business—you should know that. I don't care if you become a shoe salesman,

a plumber, anything. I don't care if I have to pack up everything tomorrow and we take the baby and just the three of us go away, to Timbuctoo, or farther even.

"But," she said, 'you might care, Dick. Think of that. Show business, your show—everything it all means to you—talking to your kids, your teen-agers, playing music for them—that's all pretty much in your blood by now. And it might be hard to get out of your blood, just like that.'

"She talked more, about the good friends I'd made in the business, dozens of them; about other good things that had come to me because of the business.

"And once more she said, 'So think of all this. Think of it carefully before you make up your mind. For yourself, for your own eventual good, Dick.'

"We went to bed a little while later. I couldn't sleep. What Barbara had said hadn't changed my mind. Not really. I was disgusted, confused. And I just lay there most of the night, tossing and turning, trying to get some sleep, but not able to.

"I guess I finally did doze off at about four, or five. Anyway, it must have been about seven o'clock when I half-woke and saw that Barbara was up already, dressed, obviously about to go out.

"Where are you going, Barb?' I asked her.

"To the store," she said.

"At this hour?' I said. 'What for?'"

"She mumbled something I didn't catch, and she left.

"I fell asleep again a few minutes later.

"And it was only after I'd awakened the second time that morning, a couple of hours later, when I realized what it was she'd gone for. . . ."

The bedroom was empty. Dick could hear Barbara, in the kitchen, giving Richard his breakfast. A radio was on in the living room. Bobby Darin was gargling his way through *Clementine*, a then-big hit. From the kitchen Dick heard Richard call out at one point, "Mommy, is that Bobby Da-win? That Bobby singing?" "That's right," Barbara said, laughing, "—that's Bobby Da-win."

Dick, hearing this exchange, started to smile. But the smile didn't last for long.

More awake now, he began to think of the events of the night before, the week, two weeks, before.

Walter Slezak claims he has a very fine waterproof watch. Any water that leaks in can't possibly get out.

*Earl Wilson
in the New York Post*

Finally, listlessly, he got out of bed.

He went into the bathroom—showered, shaved. He came back to the bedroom and dressed. Then, as he reached for a comb which lay on the bureau, he saw it, sitting there on the bureau, alongside the comb.

He looked.

He looked again.

And then he called out for his wife.

"Barb—is this," he asked, incredulous, pointing, "is this what you went out to buy this morning?"

Barbara nodded.

"This?" Dick asked again. "For me?"

"Yes," said Barbara, nodding again. She smiled. "Really Dick, you can close your mouth now—there's nothing so amazing about it," she said. "I just bought a jar of olives and a vanilla bean, removed the olives from the jar and put in the vanilla bean instead. . . . Isn't that the way Susie, the landlady's daughter, used to do it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dick.

"And," Barbara said, "like little Susie

used to say, 'Just take a whiff of that lovely bean and see if everything doesn't feel all better inside you' . . . Isn't that what she used to say, Dick, when you were just a little boy?"

"Yes," said Dick.

Suddenly, from the kitchen, Richard Jr. called out.

"Oh-oh," said Barbara, "I'd better go."

And Dick turned back to his jar.

He picked it up now, brought it to his nose, slowly, and he took a whiff.

"And it came to me at that moment," he says, "what a lucky guy I really was. . . ."

"You know, once at a teen-age panel discussion, somebody brought up the question: What is the difference in your opinion between young love and married love?"

"It was a hard question—I thought—but I answered it as best I could. 'Teen-age love is exciting, challenging, full of pitfalls and always new,' I said. 'Married love,' I said, 'can be exciting, depending on the two people involved but, as exciting as it can be, it usually is not new.'

"I saw now, this morning, as I stood holding the olive jar, looking down at that funny little vanilla bean, that I'd been wrong in my answer that day.

"Days may pass, months, years may pass between two married people. Nothing new may seem to happen. Life becomes routine. You love one another, but you hardly bother to tell that to one another anymore. You hardly know how to say it without sounding silly after a while. And then, suddenly, something happens, trouble, for instance. And it's said again, anew, how much love there really is between the two of you. With all the sentiment and beauty there is in a good heart thrown in for good measure. The way Barbara said it to me that morning."

Dick goes on:

"You know—I knew how much, that morning, I loved my wife. And all sorts of things I'd almost forgotten about Barbara, important moments in our life, treasured moments to a woman, I guess, but moments a man can easily forget, came rushing back to my mind now—

"I thought of her the night I asked her to marry me—the first time I ever saw her cry.

"I thought of her the night we were married, how she laughed so hard and blushed so much when we got to our hotel and this pound of rice came rolling from my hair as I bent to sign the register.

"I thought of how her voice sounded that day, years after we were married, all during which time we were trying so hard to have a baby, when she phoned me at work to tell me she'd just taken a pregnancy test and had passed it—'What did the rabbit say?' I'd asked her, and she'd said, 'The rabbit said yes, Daddy . . . Daddy. . . ."

"I thought of the look in her eyes the night Richard was born, when I saw her right after, when before I had a chance to ask her how she was feeling, she asked, 'How are you, Dick? . . . Are you all right?'"

"I thought of how patient she's been with me all these years, the faults of mine she'd had to put up with, my short temper sometimes, my moodiness sometimes.

"I thought of the evenings, lots of evenings, when I'd come home from work and she'd ask if we couldn't go out for a while, and I'd say, 'No, honey, I'm tired—something like that—forgetting how she'd been in the house all day, what a nice change it might be for her to get out for a bit.

"I thought of all these things as I stood there now, holding my olive jar, whiffing my vanilla bean.

"And I discovered, unashamedly, that I loved my wife more than I ever thought was humanly possible.

"As I discovered, standing there now sniffing that little bean, that my cares

problems, worries—all the things that had had me so bugged the night before, those two weeks before—were leaving me, one by one.

"I realized suddenly, too, that it was morning, the beginning of a new day . . . that I could face anything now.

"I put down the jar and picked up my comb. I looked into the mirror, in front of me.

"You just keep paddling along, Boy," I said to myself, 'because, you know, everything might turn out to be just okay. . . ."

For the next five months, 16,000,000 fans and the entire entertainment industry waited to see what would happen to Dick.

Dick himself, meanwhile, continued paddling along, waiting for the committee hearings to begin.

"Those five months weren't exactly easy," he recalls. "Unavoidably the tenseness would return. And when it did, it was Barbara who came through, as always. She stayed calm, never moped, never acted discouraged. And I'd become right again, just looking at her, being with her. It was as simple as that. . . ."

Dick Clark's biggest show began in late April, in Washington, D. C.

It began with a bang—for the prosecution.

Dick, silent as the committee flung its charges at him, waited for his chance to defend himself.

His chance came, finally, he spoke up. He spoke softly, surely.

"I have never accepted any bribery," he repeated, answering the official charge against him. "As far as investing in other companies and making some money from these investments," he said, "I followed the ground rules that existed."

The charges and questions kept coming those next two days.

Dick kept answering them

And soon it seemed that the case against him was beginning to fizzle.

There was no actual verdict when it was all over. But it appeared to most people that Dick had come out on top when Oren Harris, the committee chairman, summed up by saying: "You're not the inventor of the system or even its architect. You're a product of it"—then adding: "Surely, Dick Clark, you're a fine young man."

Dick's enemies writhed.

"Obviously," said one of them, "the chairman showed as much perspicacity as any fifteen-year-old."

But his friends and fans rocked with joy.

Back home in Philadelphia that night Dick found hundreds of telegrams scattered around the dining room table, from people all over the country, congratulating him and wishing him well.

Connie Francis phoned from New York. Fabian and Frankie Avalon phoned from Hollywood.

Bobby Darin, in Philadelphia that night, dropped by to see Dick. Bobby was tired-looking and Dick started to chide him for working so hard, for not taking it easier.

"Yeah," Bobby agreed, "big eye-bags gotta go . . . But man, like you're sure looking good." Turning to Barbara, who was standing alongside Dick at the moment, he said, "Like you've maybe been taking pretty good care of our boy here, hey, Mrs. C?"

Barbara looked over at Dick and shrugged.

Dick looked over at her and smiled and took her hand.

Neither of them said anything.

They simply continued looking at one another.

And, somehow, a certain third party present felt suddenly that it was like time for him to disappear, on the double.

Which he did. . . .

END

Dick can still be seen starring in Columbia's BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG.

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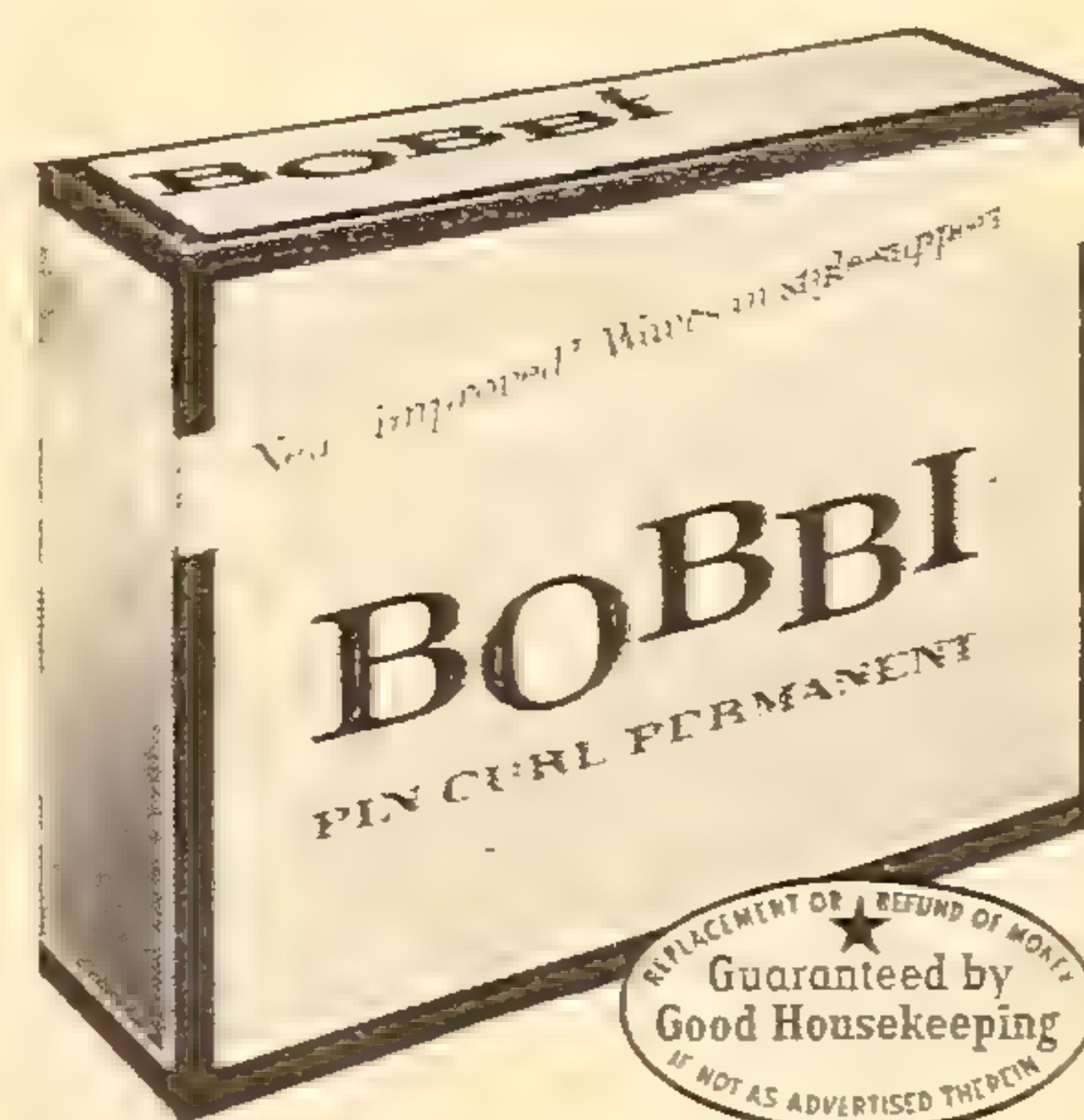
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Here's Charlie!

(Continued from page 48)

to come up with something satisfactorily sensational. Each time I finished lamely with only the bare truth: "All I can say is—find the right man who really loves you and really wants to stay married. Then marry him."

They grinned and nodded wisely. "Ah, so! You keep secret, yes?"

People all over, I finally realized, want to make everything so darned complicated, especially an elemental emotion such as plain, old-fashioned love.

At the Academy Awards in March when Susan Hayward's words, "... and the winner is—Charlton Heston," made him officially best screen actor of the year, Chuck did what to him came naturally. He grabbed me and planted a long, ardent, expressive smacker on my startled lips before approximately 84,000,000 delighted TV kibitzers. Then he trotted up on stage to get his Oscar.

Well, when we finally turned the key to our hilltop house around 6:30 the next morning, we had to read our way through telegrams stacked like giant cornflakes against the front door. Inside, the phone rang like a station-house general alarm. Soon the mailman was dumping sacks of letters from all over America and places as remote as Rome, Paris, and Tokyo. The gist of it all:

"What a thrilling, nice and wonderful thing that was for you to do!"

Charlie raked his brown curls in bewilderment at this. "Say," he puzzled, "I can't have been the first guy in history ever to kiss his wife, can I?"

Miracles

I guess in a town notoriously ripped and torn by domestic rivalries, and paved with divorce decrees, a simple kiss sometimes seems like a miracle. Charlie Heston has always seemed like a miracle to me, anyway. Because ever since we met back in Northwestern University around eighteen years ago, miracles have been happening.

Only last December, for example, when Chuck and I were away in London, a roaring brush fire flared in Coldwater Canyon back of Beverly Hills, where our new house soars out into space on a mountain spur. The grim news was flashed to us: HOUSE IN PATH OF FLAMES—SEEMS CERTAIN TO BURN.

I dissolved into tears. But Chuck would have none of the tragic thought. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to our house," he assured me. "It can't."

Well, it didn't. Billowing flames raced to its edge, seared trees on the terrace, buckled some glass. Then surprisingly, they leaped over the roof to the other side. Firemen told us on our return, "We can't understand it. Your place should have burned to ashes." And they used that word—"It was a miracle."

Or, consider how we got that house in the first place. Of all the things I definitely did not want it was a house. There was already a Heston house—or an eight-room lodge, rather—up in the virgin forest of Michigan's peninsula, where Chuck and I could go to get away from it all. And the way our lives were ordered, I wanted no part of possessions that possessed us, housekeeping responsibilities or restricting roots in any California soil.

Both Chuck and I liked to hop around the world like flying kangaroos. All I wanted was an apartment where I could just lock the door and forget it. We had two that were perfect: one in New York's

Tudor City for visits, and homebase at mammoth La Brea Towers in midtown Los Angeles. For eight years we were serenely happy with that set-up.

So, when our baby son, Fraser, started getting active and Chuck started making noises like a householder, I discreetly changed the subject. Indulgently, I made the rounds of old houses with Chuck, but they were either in the wrong place, too old, or too expensive to remodel. That was great with me; I breathed sighs of relief.

Then one afternoon Charlton thundered in all out of breath. "Come on," he panted. "I've got a big surprise for you!" Hurrying me into his Corvette, he raced me up the canyon, led me, blindfolded with his handkerchief, out on a point. "Now," he said, "look!"

What I saw was a breathtaking, 360-degree view, over half Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, with even that well-known Catalina Island shimmering in the distance. I burst into tears.

Suddenly I knew this was the place. All my problems were solved. I didn't want to live anywhere else but right here—and in a house with Chuck.

A working project

One more miracle—the greatest of all—lay behind both of these. His name is Fraser Clarke Heston, and by now he's a bright, button-eyed towhead of five. Neither Chuck nor I can imagine life without 'Fray.' But when I called from my backstage dressing room in a Minneapolis theater some six years ago, caught Charlton in Paramount's wardrobe department, and announced breathlessly, "You're going to be a father!" the answer I got was, "A baby? That's impossible! What in the world will we do with it?"

But what was to happen to me later on about that house, smote Chuck exactly the same way now about the baby news. "The greatest moment of my life," he'll tell you now, "was when that doctor came down the hall and said, 'Congratulations—you're the father of a fine son!' Those were the most glorious lines I've ever heard spoken!"

And when the nurse put him in Charlie's arms, I could tell by his face that this was going to be a working project.

I must confess, though, that when I first met Charlie I had no 'working project' ideas about us. He was a freskie at Northwestern University and we were in a dramatics class together. The first time I became aware of his existence was when he almost blasted me out of my seat with

Richard Boone: I live on a simple budget. Never spend more than 10 per cent of my income.

*Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post*

a critique of a play we were analyzing. "It's skeletal," pronounced Chuck in a deep, bass voice. . . .

I was a small-town girl from Wisconsin, with acting ambitions. Charlton looked like Young Abe Lincoln of Illinois. He was a gangling, bony bumpkin from the Michigan sticks, nature boy in the raw. He'd been brought up in the wild backwoods of Roscommon County, which his grandad bought—yep, the whole county—for \$80,000 at a tax sale in 1902. Unfortunately, he sold it before oil was discovered, but Chuck owns 1,400 acres of homeland on Russell Lake, named after his dad, where that getaway lodge is. He bought it with the first movie money he made from *The Greatest Show on Earth*, because that's

where his roots are—he loves the land.

Chuck went to a country school where one teacher taught all eight grades, where sometimes it was too cold to hold a pencil and you couldn't use a pen because the ink was frozen stiff. He hunted, fished and trapped all over the wilderness from the time he could scamper, and when he got lost—as he once did—Charlton (that's his mom's maiden name) saved his own life by getting his directions from a wedge of northerning geese.

Two on a scholarship

The reason Chuck was in Northwestern on a dramatic scholarship—like I was—was because he never had many playmates besides muskrats, beaver, a few deer and unsociable bobcats. So, he lay under the pines for hours reading all sorts of derring-do books, then let his imagination act out every character in the pages. Once, he got so carried away with himself in the role of a wandering knight, that he grabbed a spare shirt, some cake and apples, a kitchen knife for a sword and a few books for dream fuel and swung down the road to High Adventure. But when the sun went down, the frogs croaked, owls hooted and bears grunted, Sir Fearnought Heston hightailed back home. Still, by the time he was ready for college, Chuck was a natural actor. That's all he'd been doing for years.

But what Chuck knew about girls you could put in an empty shotgun shell. He'd never had a date. When he finally badgered me into his first date I reported to my mother thus: "I've just gone out with the most uncivilized, rude and crude, wildly untidy, impossible man on the campus!"

It's a small wonder, considering the number of spurned marriage proposals made, that Chuck lasted it out, but he was obviously a bear for punishment. Each time I reiterated forcefully what I had said at the start—that if Mr. C. C. Heston was the last man left on earth, I would leap at the chance to be a spinster.

Then how did we ever make it to a parson? It must have been the subtle working of love, or else my sheer awe at Chuck's nerve. This was dramatically demonstrated, to my amazement, one New Year in our senior year. At the time Chuck held down a job as night elevator boy at a flossy North Shore apartment house, while I worked in the college cafeteria. A bonanza of Christmas tips dropped \$100 in his big paws, a sum which could keep him in courting money for at least a year. Instead, Chuck thought Big, chunking the wad on one dazzling pitch to prove to me he'd come a long way from Roscommon county.

He rented a full-dress outfit, top hat and all, and invited me to the exclusive Pump Room at Chicago's Ambassador East—just the swankiest, costliest joint in town. Whirling, or stumbling, about the floor like a Gold Coast playboy—Chuck waved condescendingly to a few outraged residents of his apartment house who'd dropped ten-dollar bills in the tip-kitty to finance the needy elevator boy's evening!

So Chuck lost his job, but for better or worse he won. How could I keep on saying no to a wild man like that? I didn't for long, even though Chuck's stream of proposals had to come via Western Union. The Army Air Corps gave him his greetings and shipped him to Greensboro, North Carolina, for training. One day, about spring vacation, I wired from Northwestern I ACCEPT, and bought a ticket to Greensboro. School, it turned out, had become deadly dull without the 'wild man' around. We got hitched on St. Patrick's Day, 1944. On our hurry-up honeymoon we took in a play and the usher led us to separate seats! And the hotel clerk even tried to sell us a room with twin beds! Also, when the brief leave was over, Chuck whistled

North, like those geese, to a lonely radio station, shivering out what was left of the War in the foggy Aleutians. I had to hit the books again at college. For years after, it seemed, everything that turned up yanked us in two different directions.

Strictly from hunger

We had a few months of love on a dime after J-Day, when Chuck came back, fat as a pig from sitting around the frosty Port Heiden hut stuffing his chow. "My hero!" I said sarcastically when I saw him. But he soon slimmed down through necessity. In fact, the housekeeping we set up in a furnished Chicago room was strictly from hunger. Our cupboard was an old trunk, our stove a dinky hotplate and our automatic dishwasher the bathroom basin. All we had to gorge ourselves on was \$8 a week. It wasn't much better when we moved to New York.

There I got a job for \$30 a week as a model and Chuck was strictly a kept man for the dismal months he pounded Broadway cement trying for a break. The luxury house which we have today is in stark contrast to the dark cold-water flat in Hell's Kitchen where steamships at the docks nearby shook the window with whistle blasts and trucks rumbled by night and day, shaking our bed—one, by the way, which Chuck hammered together from some rough boards for a total outlay of \$2.60. We were so poor that once Chuck—who marketed with me so he could lug home the groceries—held up a checkout line twenty minutes returning a seven-cent can of evaporated milk we decided we didn't need.

Still, in the luckier years that followed, both Chuck and I were so sentimental about that shabby pad that we kept paying the rent for years until a wrecking crew got it. Reason? We were together then. We weren't together much after our two careers got rolling.

The first man-sized stage break Charlton got sent him to Boston. At approximately the same time I broke the ice in a road company headed for Chicago. After that—well—that honeymoon usher sure picked the right omen with those separate seats. Only the true-bluest type of trust, need, and devotion could have kept a marriage growing in those ticklish far-apart first years. We can look back and laugh today, although things weren't always so funny at the time.

We've actually whizzed past each other in planes heading in different directions. We've met in railroad stations, to share a cup of coffee and a kiss at a lunch counter, then raced for separate gates at an "A-1-1-1 Aboard!" Once I had fifty guests coming for an Anniversary dinner, only to stick Chuck with the job of feeding them when a "Come at once" call came with a job offer. Another time Chuck had to leave me holding the same bag to mix drinks at a cocktail party for eighty. For a long time, Charlie and I had separate sets of friends in assorted cities of the U.S.A. We had several sets of clothes, automobiles, furniture, apartments, even cooks, thousands of miles apart. We've had to settle on long-distance calls, for "I love you's," or a look at a longed-for face over TV. A few times there have been some not so laughable misunderstandings.

One time, for example, Chuck called me in New York from Hollywood at 3:00 a.m. only to get a man's voice. Crossed wires, of course, but it kept up until everyone was snapping misunderstandings and sharp words. Another time I switched on my TV, only to scream at Chuck's gory head hoisted up off his neck. I didn't know he was playing *Macbeth* that night, and that the horrible vision was achieved with trick camera effects.

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But getting back to reality, I was in Minneapolis playing *The Seven Year Itch* when my tummy got woozy mornings and a doctor gave me the madonna tidings. By the time, back in Hollywood, that Chuck accepted the frightening fact of approaching fatherhood, I had rambled around the country dodging spring floods, narrowly missed a train wreck and kept the show going (with Fraser making his stage entrance ahead of mine) before I gave up. No sooner had I hit home nest in Los Angeles, than Chuck tore off to Egypt for three months with *The Ten Commandments*. Luckily, he made it back for the main event. By then I was so used to handling things by myself that when Chuck called, from the set to ask how I was I said, "Fine," even though I was timing my labor pains at the moment.

Fraser hasn't worked since

Today we call our son "the youngest retired actor in Hollywood" because at three months of age Fray played the Baby Moses in the bulrushes and hasn't worked since. Things aren't quite so final with me, I still like to keep my hand in a make-up kit; in fact, only last summer we played together in *State of the Union* in summer stock at Santa Barbara. A family project like that's fine, but as for whipping off to all points of the compass, not any more. My ambition's simply gone out to lunch, because I'm so fulfilled as a wife and mother.

I'm not the self-sacrificing wife or anything like that, believe me. It's just that now I get the same satisfaction out of Charlie's career as I once did my own.

I guess I proved that to myself last year. About the time the *Ben-Hur* premiere was set for New York, in came a juicy picture offer for me. It meant a location

in Denver just as Charlton was set for his triumph. I turned it down.

And it happened again when Chuck took on *The Tumbler* on Broadway. Same week he signed for that play I was offered a run-of-play contract with another on the same big street. "N-n-no," I hedged to Chuck cautiously, "what if your play's a flop and mine's a hit? Then we'd be separated again, wouldn't we?"

That's exactly what happened. *The Tumbler* lasted a week and my rejected opus is still running, and I'm glad I'm not running with it.

The truth is, since Fraser has made us a trio I find nothing in show business rewarding enough to pry me away. When Chuck moved to Rome with *Ben-Hur*, it was a family move. We found an ancient villa owned by the noble Flavian family outside Rome where the Emperor Domitian once spent his holidays. It had formal gardens, fountains everywhere and a private entrance to the Catacombs, if you liked that sort of thing. We lived at the *Horti Flaviani* ten months, most of which I spent wondering if Charlie would show up in one piece at night. In fact, during this spell *Paris Match*, the French picture paper, printed shots of me looking anxiously on as Chuck lashed his chariot perilously around the *Spina* racing Steve Boyd. They captioned them "*Madame Heston crispait les mains*" (wrings her hands).

The loveliest present

Even with all the suspense we look back on that Roman Holiday with tenderness. When it was over, Chuck gave me the loveliest present I've ever had from him. It's a gold bracelet with three pendants he designed and had cast. One says, "Roma-MCMLVIII," another "C.L.F." 69

glory lingers on



Fraser Heston's now a great big boy of five, but he made his mark in the world (with his foot, signing a contract for Cecil B. DeMille) at three months.

When Charlton Heston made his first impact across the American screen as Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, his little son Fraser was allowed to be on for a short while as the baby Moses. As a matter of fact, he'd been promised the part before he was born. Cecil B. DeMille had told the Hestons the baby could have the part if it turned out to be a boy. Charlton didn't know it then, but as the child got older, he never forgot what he'd been told about his few glorious moments on the screen.

One day after that film was released, the Heston family were out for a drive and stopped for a light on Sunset Boulevard. Some fans in the next car recognized the man at the wheel and called out, "Hey, Moses, say hello!"

Before Mrs. Heston could stop him, Fraser stood up and leaned over and waved, all smiles, to the people in the other car.

Then he turned to his father and lisped proudly, "Look, Daddy, they know me!"

for the three Heston initials and the third's a replica of the First-Century Roman marble pillar standing outside our palace.

Ben-Hur has been more than just another picture for Charlton. Ever since it opened it has been more like a career. So far, he's traveled over 30,000 miles plugging the epic. I've been with him for 25,000. "I'll go anywhere you say when I'm free," Chuck obligingly told MGM when they asked him to spread the word. "But not for long without my wife." Recently we took off for Australia.

I think I've paid my way, too, just in terms of keeping Chuck 'presentable'—an artist in most lines has no clothes sense worth mentioning, cut or color. He leaves things lying around in a rumpled mess. He jams expensive London-tailored Sulka shirts and ties, hand-made boots and suits from Italy into his bags as if they came from Woolworth's. He won't buy a rag unless forced to; in Rome I had to coax Brioni, the famous tailor, out to the *Ben-Hur* set to measure Chuck for a jacket. I guess you might say I'm the neat type, and he isn't! In a lot of other ways we're different too. I'm a self-confessed "hypochondriac and gloomy Cassandra," Charlton has the relaxed pulse beat of a tortoise. He's never sick, and has a cast-iron stomach. He snoozes on planes, between takes on sets, even up to ten minutes before he goes on a two-hour live TV show. Chuck rises early and I like to sleep late. He plays tennis, I swim; he paints, while I click my Leica. I drive a Thunderbird; Chuck pets his Corvette. I play the piano; he can't carry a tune, although he loves music so much there are twenty-seven speakers scattered around the new house. When we built it, Chuck went for a steam room as his extravagance. Mine was a battery of drying lights in my bathroom.

Since I'm the orderly but sentimental type, maybe the most exasperating husband-habit of Charlie's is a tendency to forget important dates in the creative daze he wanders around in when he's deep in a picture part. On a day that happened to be my birthday, we dined at Alfredo's famous restaurant in Rome. Alfredo himself makes a big fuss over any guest's birthday. So, when I spied another lucky girl getting the cake, champagne and music treatment I said, "Charlie, let's pretend it's my birthday and have him do that for me."

"Don't be silly," grunted Chuck. "It's not your birthday."

He didn't come to until we were walking down the hall to our room at the Excelsior Hotel. Then suddenly the poor guy plunked down on the carpet and banged his head on the floor as the awful truth smote him. "I forgot!" he yelped. "I forgot!"

So, the feeling is what counts, and despite various annoyances, we have never come close to a real quarrel. Actually, there are plenty of other departments in which we see eye to eye. One is travel. We're both gypsies. Just open a travel folder and we're hooked. Another is the outdoors. I'm the Girl Scout type, and lucky I am. Because, a couple of times a year at least, Chuck finds some excuse to pack us back to Russell Lake in Michigan. There's no telephone there and it's three miles to the nearest road.

We like it best in winter when sometimes it's 24° below and even the pair of golden eagles who rule the pine roosts head for cover. We cook over a wood stove and pile on the blankets at night. Daytimes we wheel a shack out on the frozen lake, cut holes in the ice and fish. It's a great shot in the arm for us all.

Fray goes along too. He's hit the road with us ever since he was a year and a half old.

Last year when we traveled through the East with *Ben-Hur* Fray went along all the way. In Washington we got a privileged look at inner sanctums of the White House, even spied President Eisenhower having a conference in the Round Room. On the tour Fray got so excited he dropped his toy six-gun and I snatched it up. "Let me carry it," I whispered.

Well, as we rounded a corner and headed for the President's open door, there I was, gleaming gun in hand pointed ominously ahead. Two Secret Service men leaped out of corners and grabbed me. I lost my voice. Chuck stepped in to straighten out the misunderstanding and explain the toy before they unhand me. But it was an uncomfortable moment.

I was pretty scared—and then pretty thrilled. I thought it might be very easy for a man to forget the little woman in a spot like that.

Heartbreak

Continued from page 51)

think of something clever, something funny to say, but the words stuck in his throat. All he could say was, "Shall we eat at a French restaurant tonight?"

"If you want to . . .," Carol said.

He remembered that sometimes she didn't like to talk much, so he asked if six o'clock would be all right, and she said yes, that would be okay. He asked that she'd be doing that day and she told him that she planned to read and take a walk in the hills, alone.

Brandon reminded her that the TV show he'd just done would be on that night. "Maybe we can watch it tonight after dinner."

"Maybe . . .," was all she said.

Brandon had enjoyed doing the show but he didn't want to push or brag about himself so he said quickly, "It's not important."

"We'll see what happens," Carol said even more uncomfortably.

Brandon wanted the conversation to end on a light note.

"Don't run into any stray lions on our walk," he said.

Finally, he'd made her laugh a little.

Most naturally serious

When they'd hung up, Brandon thought about Carol's unenthusiastic responses. He tried to picture how she looked on the phone, how pretty she was, and decided that her graveness wasn't because she'd been trying to avoid telling him something he didn't want to hear but only because she was naturally rather a serious girl. She wasn't light-headed but she wasn't dull, either. Just serious.

It was his last day in Hollywood, for a while. He and his mother were leaving for New York the next morning, to rejoin his father. He planned to read a few plays submitted to him. He liked the idea of doing a play. He'd always liked the theater. Maybe he and Carol might even work together on the stage, as they'd done in the movie *Blue Denim*.

He decided that afternoon to go for a swim, and though he couldn't stop thinking about Carol and their date that evening, the pool refreshed him. There were few other people at poolside. The hotel catered mostly to people in show business. Writers, directors, actors, mostly. He had met some of the New York people here. They were out for one-shot TV jobs or were sweating out picture deals.

"Hi, Brandon."

But there's not much danger of big Chuck Heston losing his head about anything. Not even an Academy Award could make him forget what comes first in his heart, even above acting, as he impulsively proved. As for his art, that Oscar may have put Chuck up on a lofty pedestal in the minds of some people, but not in his own.

"To tell you the truth," he sizes himself up, "I can play cowboys better than Sir Laurence Olivier—and Shakespeare better than Gary Cooper."

"But for Heaven's sake, don't switch that around!"

In fact, dear God, don't switch anything around about Charlie Heston. As far as I'm concerned he's perfect, absolutely perfect!

END

Charlton will star next in MGM's *CHARLEMAGNE*.

It was an actor he knew from New York.

"Hi," he said.

"Leaving tomorrow, huh?" the actor asked.

"Yeah. Tomorrow morning."

"Well . . . have a nice trip."

"Thanks," Brandon said, and meant it. Everyone had been nice to him. No one reminded him that he had been the little boy in *Shane*. They accepted him as an adult actor and he appreciated it.

The sun began to chill, and Brandon left to relax and dress for his date with Carol. Heading for the elevator, he ran into Mrs. Lynley, Carol's mother.

"Hi, Mrs. Lynley."

"Hello, Brandon."

He liked her; not because she was Carol's mother, but because she was nice.

"Carol still reading?"

Mrs. Lynley smiled, and shook her head. "No. She went for a walk. She likes taking long walks. It relaxes her."

Brandon understood. Carol had worked hard, on a picture, then a TV show. She was still working on her TV script.

"How's she like her show?"

"It's a good part. She finishes in two days."

Brandon was glad. That meant she would be going back to New York, unless a picture came up. Mrs. Lynley remembered that Brandon had just finished his show.

"How'd your show go?"

"Good. I liked working with Ward Bond. He's a nice guy."

"That's what I heard."

Brandon said good-bye till later when he would pick Carol up for dinner. Mrs. Lynley was going out to the pool, to get the last sun rays.

A quick ten minutes

Brandon showered and lay down to relax. He checked the time and it was a quarter after four. He thought about Carol, and the wonderful fun they had had together. It made him feel good, to think about her.

The phone rang. He picked it up quickly. Maybe it was Carol.

But, it was a photographer, reminding him they were supposed to shoot some pictures. Brandon checked the time. He would be cutting it close, but he had promised.

"Okay. But—can we make it kind of quick? I . . . I've got something to do. Later."

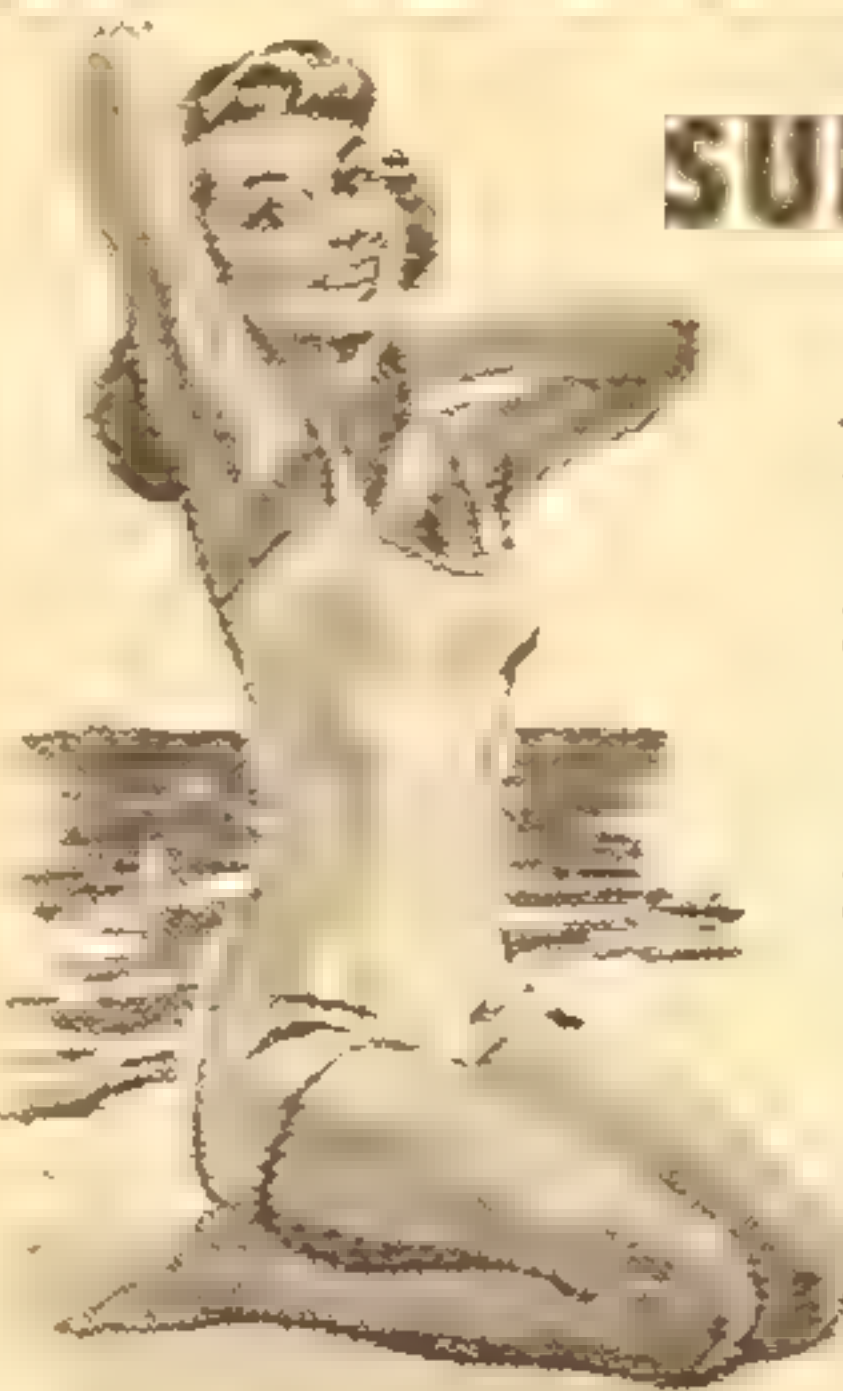
The photographer understood. He had seen Brandon come alive when they had talked about Carol the day before. And he knew Brandon was leaving early the next morning. "I need a half hour. Okay?"

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- August 3—**Jean Hagen**
Marilyn Maxwell
Gary Merrill
Gordon Scott
- August 5—**Natalie Trundy**
David Brian
Tom Drake
John Saxon
Robert Taylor
- August 6—**Lucille Ball**
Robert Mitchum
- August 8—**Connie Stevens**
Esther Williams
Richard Anderson
Rory Calhoun
- August 9—**Leo Genn**
- August 10—**Rhonda Fleming**
Martha Hyer
Jane Wyatt
Eddie Fisher
- August 11—**Arlene Dahl**
- August 12—**John Derek**
George Hamilton
- August 13—**Neville Brand**
- August 15—**Wendy Hiller**
Lori Nelson
Janice Rule
Michael Connors
- August 16—**Ann Blyth**
Julie Newmar
Fess Parker
- August 17—**Maureen O'Hara**
- August 18—**Molly Bee**
Shelley Winters
- August 19—**Debra Paget**
Jill St. John
- August 21—**Patty McCormack**
- August 23—**Vera Miles**
- August 24—**Preston Foster**
- August 25—**Don Defore**
Mel Ferrer
Richard Greene
Van Johnson
Michael Rennie
- August 26—**Susan Harrison**
- August 27—**Tuesday Weld**
Tommy Sands
- August 28—**Charles Boyer**
Ben Gazzara
- August 29—**Ingrid Bergman**
Barry Sullivan
- August 30—**Joan Blondell**
Shirley Booth
Fred MacMurray
Raymond Massey
Donald O'Connor
- August 31—**Richard Basehart**
Warren Berlinger
Fredric March



James Cagney

72 August 17



Gene Kelly

August 23

Brandon thought a minute, then agreed. "When will you be over?"

"In ten minutes."

Brandon checked the clock. They could shoot the pictures, and Brandon would not be late.

"Okay. But, make it in ten minutes."

"It's a deal. And . . . thanks, Brandon."

Brandon put the phone back on the hook, and once more day-dreamed of the little French restaurant, with the checkered table cloths, the soft lights, and the romantic atmosphere.

The photographer buzzed him from downstairs. Brandon slipped on a short-sleeve sport shirt, and a pair of tan pants. He met the photographer downstairs in the lobby, and they went around back to the pool. It was deserted. Everyone had felt the breeze come on and left. That suited them fine.

They began shooting a layout. It went easily. The photographer let him relax. No posy-pose type shots. Just Brandon—straight and simple.

"One more roll, and we're in."

Brandon checked the time. It was after five. He hesitated. "It'll take me five minutes," the photographer pleaded. And then they were done. It had been easy.

"Seeing Carol before you go?"

Brandon almost blushed, but said, "Uh . . . yeah. For dinner tonight."

The photographer said, "She's a real beauty."

Brandon agreed, most enthusiastically.

"You like her, don't you?"

"We . . . sort of go together."

The photographer smiled. He understood the uncertainties and the wonder of first love.

They shook hands. Then, Brandon hurried upstairs to get ready for his last night in Hollywood, with Carol.

Just lost track of time

He paced the room, glancing periodically at the silent phone, growing more and more impatient. He called her room. She hadn't come in. He went down to the hotel lobby. He flicked the television set on, and there was an old Clark Gable movie. He watched Gable pursue Myrna Loy all over Africa, but, his heart wasn't in watching Gable win Loy. His heart was jumping for Carol.

"Good picture?"

It was a writer he had talked to before.

"Pretty good. It's a Gable picture."

The writer was mildly impressed. He sat down to watch. Gable was gaining ground but Brandon was losing heart. Where was Carol? Maybe . . . maybe something had happened to her. He began to wet the dry nervousness in his mouth.

Brandon was only half watching the picture when the desk clerk paged him. He took the call on a house phone. It was Carol, and his heart skipped a beat.

"Where are you?"

"Well," she began, "I was walking. And, I lost track of the time. I just got to a phone."

Brandon sighed with relief. She was safe.

"You had me worried. How . . . how soon can you make it back?"

"In . . . about a half hour."

Brandon checked the time. They could still make dinner at the romantic little French place.

"Okay. I'll wait for you. And . . . hurry. We . . . won't have too much time."

"I'll try."

They hung up. And he went back to watching the Gable picture.

The picture ended, the half hour was over and there was still no sign of Carol. Brandon began to worry about her, then, started to get angry. It was their last

evening together for what might be long time and she wasn't back yet.

"Is it okay if I watch a show?" he asked the others around the TV set. They all knew his show was coming up and agreed. Brandon watched his image on the screen. He and one of the leads. He squirmed in his seat because he knew the others were judging his work. He took a fast look toward the lobby. Still no Carol.

The show was over and he thought he'd been good, that he would be judged as a mature adult actor, not a former child star. The others in the lobby congratulated him, but, he felt a little sad that Carol had not been there to see him.

"How about some ice cream, Brandon?"

It was the writer. He realized Brandon was sweating something out. Brandon said thanks, but he was waiting for someone, someone who'd be there any minute.

"Some other time . . ."

The writer left—one or two others remained—and Brandon tried to concentrate on the next program. It was no use. He called her room, she hadn't called back in. Then suddenly the phone rang and it was Carol.

She explained, "I felt tired, from walking. So . . . I sat down, and I must have lost track of the time. I'm sorry."

He was furious with her, he wanted to challenge her, so that she'd be hurt as he was. Instead, he tried to save what time was left.

He said, "We . . . can still grab a bite to eat."

It was too late for the French place, but they could have a snack and talk.

And then Carol said, "I . . . I just ate. A little while ago."

In the shock wave of disappointment that poured over Brandon, he caught his next words, and checked the flow of anger.

"We had a date. Remember?"

"I'm sorry," she said abruptly.

There wasn't much left to say, and Brandon didn't try. He'd noted a change in her voice. An indifference. He wondered what had happened, what had changed since the bright morning.

"Is something wrong, Carol?"

"I'm tired, Brandon," she murmured.

"But, we had a date . . .," his voice cracked.

He waited for some reassuring answer. What he got was, "I'm sorry. Really I am. But . . . I'm tired. We'll make it some other time."

He wanted to protest that it was unfair. It was their last day in Hollywood.

"When . . . when will I see you?"

He tried to sound casual, but his heart wasn't in it. He waited, hoping, hiding his fears, praying that she'd change her mind. "I'll be in New York. Soon. We'll see then."

Brandon felt as if a trapdoor had been sprung on him. His legs were shaky.

He had to know. What had gone wrong? Where? When? Was it something he had done? Or said? But instead, he tried to push down the awful idea that he was being rejected, to keep the tone of panic from his voice.

"Sure, Carol. We'll see each other in New York."

"Thanks," she answered.

There was a long silence after he put the phone down. And Brandon realized that all he could do was go and pack for his trip back to New York, and go to sleep. But he knew that sleep would bring dreams of love that used to be, and he wondered if love was as fragile as it seemed.

Carol will star in THE HOT EYE OF HEAVEN (U.I.).

For Adults Only

(Continued from page 36)

becomes pregnant; it's about the frantic attempts of her equally young boyfriend to raise money for an abortion. In the background—to "motivate" the action—are parents who lack understanding; in the foreground—to tingle your spine—is a visit to a seedy part of town where an abortionist plies his filthy trade. The name of this movie the first time 'round was *Blue Denim* (with Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley, Warren Berlinger). It was shortly followed by a low-budget imitation, *Too Soon To Love*. That same plot is bound to be run into the ground by a slew of films high in sensation and low in quality—and teen-agers will eat them up. Unethical movie producers will defend themselves with, "Well, it teaches the kids a lesson, doesn't it?" The question is—what lesson?

In the two movies mentioned, teen-age sexual experience was frowned on, but mainly because it resulted in pregnancy. The teen-agers involved suffered, but mainly because they didn't have the poise to carry off a successful abortion. The moral lesson—the question of good and bad—was about as easy to find as a needle in a haystack. The obvious lesson these movies taught was that precocious sexual behavior is an accepted part of life. Why? Simply because it happens in the movies. Make no mistake. The lesson sinks in as effortlessly as the popcorn. It has already been so well digested that everybody going to see a movie with a teen-age cast automatically expects promiscuity and/or violence—and they have rarely been disappointed from as far back as *Blackboard Jungle* up to the very recent Dick Clark epic, *Because They're Young*.

The expectation is automatic because this image of the teen-ager has been burned into our eyes shutting out all other images. And the teen-age movie fan, seeking an identity, tries to bring to life what he finds of himself on the screen. This is natural, if only because Americans have always idolized screen stars and have used movies as models of the good life.

Letter from a teen-ager

A syndicated "lonelyhearts" columnist recently printed a letter from a teen-ager that had all the unreality and false drama of a bad movie. But it was this girl's sincere view of herself.

The girl wrote that she had "given herself" to her boyfriend because of the "lewd" movies she had seen. "I might never have made the mistakes I did," she went on, "had it not been for the unconscious effect of such movies on my whole being. . . ." No wonder there is such a tidal wave of delinquency. The screen has gotten so filthy that formerly innocent, sweet kids hardly bat an eye at the perverse portrayals of sex and profanity.

That there is no tidal wave of delinquency, that few if any movies are actually lewd or obscene, that this girl cannot shift her guilt onto a movie is not the point. The point is that movies have given this girl—and many others—a dangerously distorted view of herself. Movies have penetrated into her unconscious mind and left there a message of hysteria, bravura and utter confusion.

Nearly half of all the moviegoers in this country are teen-agers. What do they see? They see "family" pictures put together with a technical perfection that suggests true art, but, beneath a slick, deceptive coat of respectability, realism is reduced to dime novel dimensions. So "family togetherness" as in *A Summer Place* reaches

a new low through the discovery that parents who commit adultery are bound to be much more tolerant of their sexually active children (Sandra Dee, Troy Donahue) than parents who do not. In *Home from the Hill* the begetting illegitimate children by father and son forms the twin spectres that haunt their lives, while the one person of substance in this many-peopled saga is the father's unacknowledged—because illegal—heir.

Teen-agers see romantic comedies, often in Technicolor, which are as light and airy as spun sugar but whose gaiety rests on little more than an off-color joke. Witness *Pillow Talk*, whose climactic scene hinges on freckle-faced Doris Day's attempts to discover if her hero really is a homosexual or is worth another try. As an invitation to manliness she sings *Possess Me* with a coyness that puts sex on a level with French postcards. All the mirth—and there is not much—to be found in *Happy Anniversary* rises from the fact that a married life, which has long since been blessed by children, began one full year before the ceremony. And in *It Started with a Kiss*, Debbie Reynolds' groom spends the better part of his honeymoon under a cold shower—to lessen the ardor which Debbie cannot yet trust.

The new frankness

The new "frankness" which seems to have pervaded movies leaves little to the imagination. We can no longer assume that married couples sleep together, we must be shown the bed, the bathtub, the monogrammed towels and how all these objects are used. People can talk to each other in the living room but it is more 'realistic' if they are half dressed. You can spot a *femme fatale* in a minute, but it is more 'true to type' if she stands in front of a mirror and slowly unbuttons her blouse.

The screen is flooded with frigid wives, lonely husbands, forlorn adolescents (of all ages) loudly proclaiming their need for love—but the cause (and perhaps the cure) of their loneliness and suffering is largely unexplored since this would lack the instant appeal of illustrated essays on their sexual misadventures.

So, in *Private Property* a couple of beatniks hitch a ride and, at knifepoint, force the driver to follow a blonde to her home in the Hollywood Hills. The blonde is a bored housewife whose husband, incredibly, ignores her sultry charm. The beatniks, who are obviously emotionally deranged, wait in a deserted house next door for the husband to leave home. Meanwhile they talk about their "kicks"; they smack their lips at the prospect of a sexual adventure. When the husband leaves on a business trip a brutal sexual assault, complicated by perversion and finished off with murder in a swimming pool, follows. The message? Some people are terribly sick.

Aside from the debatable artistic merits of the film, producer Leslie Stevens announced, "The picture isn't for children." But any child who can find his way to the theater and has the price of admission can see it.

What teen-ager, when he hears on a record the velvet voice of Johnny Mathis, will not rush to the movie his song introduces—*The Best Of Everything*, a lavish, eye-filling Cinemascope production. The very smell of the money that went into its making immediately inspires confidence in the film. But what is this movie selling? The idea that love is a battle of wits between boys "on the make" and girls who, however beautiful and talented, are desperate for marriage. Love is a market place where all the buyers (boys) try to cheat, and all the sellers (girls) think so little of themselves that self-abasement

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is their outstanding characteristic. One romantic affair after another leads to insanity and accidental suicide, pregnancy and betrayal. Abortion is discussed (but with all the proper horror). Marriage, although it is held out as the only hope, has the value of a bargain well-made. Love itself is almost non-existent. These are the half-truths, gross distortions and blatant stupidities offered, without any excuse, to our children.

A few challenging themes

But not all movies are an insult to even adult intelligence. There are many producers, writers and directors who are concerned with challenging themes that require maturity and judgment to enjoy—and to criticize. But any child, or any teen-ager who is a fan of Elizabeth Taylor can treat himself to *Suddenly Last Summer* where a mother (Katharine Hepburn) worships her homosexual son to the point of acting as his bait for young men, and where Elizabeth Taylor, his beautiful young cousin, turns out to be even better bait and is driven to near insanity by this son's violent death at the hands (and teeth) of his boy victims.

The Fugitive Kind, an unrelieved message of despair whose meaning must surely escape the immature mind (while repelling the mature one) can nevertheless frighten and disillusion simply by its atmosphere, its assortment of weird, lost souls, its pictures of drunkenness, nauseating illness, hatred and murder of the only character in the film who is really seeking salvation. But any teen-age fan of Marlon Brando or Joanne Woodward can easily and mistakenly assume that the movie is a "must" for him.

Good movies, bad movies, movies for teen-agers, movies for adults, crime movies, westerns, spectaculars, comedies, musicals, dramas come tumbling into the movie houses with very little to differentiate them but their titles. Movie "ads" if they are not sensational are often misleading. Movie reviews are read by a small proportion of the teen-age public. It is true that before any movie is released it comes up for an okay, a Seal of Approval from the keepers of the Production Code of the Motion Picture Association of America. It is true that

many exhibitors will not show films that have been refused the Seal but—and perhaps rightly—there is no law to prevent them. (*Private Property*, which did not receive the Seal, is a case in point.) It is also true that no movie producer or exhibitor can be expected to take the place of parents or teachers.

No one can measure the exact effect movies have in shaping the attitudes and determining the behavior of young people. It would be foolish and irresponsible to blame one facet of our culture for any of the evils in our lives. But certainly it can be said that the movies, along with all other mediums of mass culture, must have a profound effect—otherwise they would not continue to do good business; otherwise Hollywood would not have been considered, for many years, the popular capital of America.

Is censorship by law an answer to the current movie problem? Most Americans are rightly and vigorously repelled by the word. Censorship, whatever small good it may do, limits freedom and outrages our constitutional rights.

Even Classification—a system of labeling movies a) for adults, b) for children, only if they are accompanied by adults and c) for everybody—a system which is practiced in England, France, Italy and other European countries might not only arouse resentment here but also might tempt some producers to make their "adults only" pictures as shockingly sensational as possible.

Only honest and right

Still, many movie directors, among them Otto Preminger, are in favor of what they call "voluntary classification." "I am still very much against censorship, am very much for classification," Preminger said on a recent *Open End* TV show. "I think it would be a very wonderful thing if we voluntarily would let an honest advertising, let the people know what kind of picture it is, so that parents who do not want their children to see certain pictures have a chance to tell them not to go, stop them from going, I think it would be only honest and right. . . ."

Some producers of great integrity, like Dore Schary, are firmly opposed to both

censorship and classification although Schary, on the same *Open End* program said, "Any industry, any means of communication gets itself into trouble when it begins to use shock rather than conviction, when it abandons its right to convince and just tries to shock. And that sometimes is what's being done in film today. . . ."

Director Elia Kazan says, "The issue is not one of making immoral movies. Our problem is to prevent moral values from being oversimplified. People see a film that has a phony happy ending and they get a distorted view which hurts them later. They expect life to be what it isn't."

Though the issue has been made subtle and complicated it includes a couple of very simple questions: 1) Is it wrong and dangerous to expose children to films which are morally unsound? 2) Should parents be warned about films that can harm their children?

We think the answer to both questions is a definite "yes." We think that certain films should be labeled *for adults only* by a qualified and impartial board of judges. We think that children should not be allowed to see these films unless they are accompanied by their parents. Will this lead to even more sensation in adult films? Maybe. But we feel that adults can—should—be able to take care of themselves; children need—and should have—adult protection.

That's our point of view. But your point of view is even more important, because the decisive voice in settling American issues has always been the voice of public opinion. Your voice, the voice of the people who read this article and of the people who put down their money at the box office in movie theaters across the land.

Parents, teenagers, kids—what do you think? What do you want from the movie industry? What do you want from the movies you see? Do you think that labeling movies *for adults only* is a threat to freedom? Or will it give movie producers even more freedom and a sense of responsibility that will lift the level of all films and make moviegoing even more fun?

The editors of MODERN SCREEN sincerely want your opinion, and would welcome all your letters on this subject. E

The Tender Tension of a Long Engagement

(Continued from page 45)

let out our real deep-down desires on other things," he mumbled, then paused and sat down next to her and leaned his head against her warm shoulder. "Sometimes, Nanny, I wonder if we didn't make a mistake, deciding the way we did to have such a long engagement. Everybody says long engagements are out of style, passé. Look at Princess Margaret and her guy. They were only engaged a couple of months and they got married. I know I've got to serve time in the Air Force, but, that doesn't mean we couldn't be married. There's no law about being a married man and serving Uncle Sam. Thousands of guys have done it."

"But, Tommy," Nancy's voice was low, easy, "we decided this was best. We talked about it for so many nights . . . remember?"

"I know, sweetheart. But talking is one thing . . . and then actually sitting out a long engagement until . . . well, they're two different things." How could he begin to tell her of his overpowering desire, of the fire inside him.

74 "Tommy," she said, clearing her throat.

"You make me feel very . . . funny. . . ."

He swallowed. "I'm sorry, hon'. I don't want you to feel bad. It's just that I wish I . . . I didn't feel so pent-up, so . . . oh, let's forget it. Forget I ever brought up such a stupid subject. Why don't you finish your hot dog and we'll go for a walk in the moonlight . . . ?"

They walked, Tommy's strong arm around her sweated shoulders, through the wide stretches of white sand sparkling like silver in the light of the crescent moon. All around them, the night-blue sky and the sea shimmered in the different shades of darkness. Occasionally they stumbled across bits of charred logs from past picnic fires. They hardly uttered a word, so happy to be near each other, and, when they turned around and returned to the flickering firelight, Tommy stretched out on an Indian blanket, his eyebrows knit together in thought.

Maybe he would tell her. Now.

Too hard to wait

Nancy took a bottle of soda pop from the cooler and handed it to Tommy.

They'd forgotten an opener, and Tommy twisted the bottle-top with his jack-knife. He managed to open it but the pop fizzed all over him and the blanket.

"Tommy, Tommy," Nancy called out. "You're all wet!" And she rushed to him with a napkin and tried to dry the sticky soda-pop from his bare arms and his yellow-checked shirt.

He took her hands in his and drew them to his lips and then he wrapped his arms around her and slowly, gently, kissed her full on the lips.

"Nanny, oh, Nanny," he said, his breath quickening and rising heavily, "let's elope . . . now . . . tonight!" He didn't give her a second to answer him; instead he locked his lips with hers and they kissed. The summer night breeze was warm, sensual, and the fragrance of Nancy's perfume was dizzy-rich.

"I . . . I don't think I can wait through the long summer," Tommy pleaded. "I love you so much, darling, I want to be married . . . now!"

His chest rose and fell against her body. Now that he had said it . . . also . . . his body seemed to sing with the tension of his desire. He brushed his fingers lightly against her white cheek, throat; he kissed her hair, her eyes, nose, her neck.

And, all of a sudden from out of

blue, Nancy started to cry. Slowly at first, and then with sharp, wrenching sobs. She tried to speak, but she couldn't, and Tommy, shaken and frightened that he had hurt her, begged, "Oh, honey, honey, please don't cry. I didn't mean to upset you. I only wanted you to know how much you mean to me, how much I love you. And how hard it is for me to wait until the wintertime."

She continued to cry, and Tommy kissed her sweet tears. She whispered then, a tender tension riding her whispers, "Don't . . . don't you think it's been hard for me, too?"

The truth of the matter, Tommy thought then, the headiness of his passion sobered suddenly by Nancy's unexpected outburst of tears, was that love—real, honest-to-gosh love—was hard to control. What was it they had both said once, when they had a press conference after their engagement: that they were both glad to have the approval of their parents, but if they weren't in—with Tommy going off to serve Uncle Sam—they might have gotten married sooner. And, Nancy and Tommy agreed, they were both suffering from an "impatient patience" to get married.

Overpowering feeling

Maybe, Tommy confided to himself, as he caressed Nancy's silky dark hair, it's more of an "impatient passion." There were times that a fellow hated this overpowering feeling for making him lose his reason, and he hoped now that he could hold back the fire of passion until the night of their wedding.

"Honey," Tommy burst forth, "I don't know, but maybe we made a mistake. I know the idea of a long, old-fashioned engagement seems wonderful because we can get to know each other better. And your mom and dad, and my mom, they all agree this is right. But . . . I . . . just wish I didn't love you so much. I just wish that my love was old-fashioned and that it didn't ache and beg to be near you. Sometimes I don't know what to do. . . ."

Nancy looked at him now, lying there on the red Indian blanket in the white radiance of the moon, and she admitted to herself there were times when he looked at her, never even so much as uttering a word, when desire trembled through her throat and her heart, throughout the length and breadth of her being. And the long summer wasn't making life easier for them with its lazy days and languorously fragrant nights, the warm air sweet with the perfume of flowers.

"Tommy," she began, fingering the edge of the blanket, "we both come from broken homes." Then, speaking softly, evenly, she said, "You and I have done what we think is best because we don't want to make the mistakes our parents made. We don't want to get married on the run and live to have awful regrets . . . do we? I know you don't, and you know I don't. We want our love to grow, and we want to have children. Not at first—because we want to enjoy each other. But in a couple of years I want to have a family . . . three, four, five kids who'll look just like you. . . ."

"Like you," Tommy interrupted.
 "Like us," Nancy said, smiling.

No broken marriage for these two

She was right. Maybe he was impetuous, wanting to elope suddenly like that. Hadn't it been torture for the two of them, growing up in households where their moms and dads were always at one another's throats, screaming, sobbing, threatening, until that one dark day when suddenly their moms and dads were no longer together, when they went their different

ways? And suddenly Nancy found her father's photo on the front pages of the big city newspapers, week after week, Sunday after Sunday.

She had told Tommy all this. How one week her dad was squiring around a luscious chorus girl, another week he was involved with a fast actress. And week after week she had to face the nasty razings of the kids in school, schoolmates who taunted her with whispers, cruel and vicious rumors about her dad being a "wild one." For months she came home from school and wished the world would end, that hell would destroy them all because she hated to face tomorrow and the humiliating taunts of her classmates.

"The latest girl her pop's picked up . . ." the kids whispered in the school halls, in the drugstore, at the football games. And she felt like two cents, knowing her father had been good to her but that the world was making him into a monster.

How many times she tried to talk to her mother about all this, but after a while she gave up because she saw how much it hurt her mother. So she gritted her teeth and faced every tomorrow by herself, looking forward to the dawn of each new day with a sick dread and a terrible taste in her mouth.

And with Tommy, the kids were cruel, too. They'd point to him and jibe, "His mom and dad are divorced. They never see each other." And whenever, like any normal young American boy, Tommy got into a little mischief such as staying out after curfew or when he was caught by neighbors smoking his first cigarette, everyone made him feel that he was doomed to be a delinquent because he came from a "broken home."

Nancy and Tommy talked about their growing-up years constantly. And they didn't want *their* love to be strangled by possessiveness, choked by jealousy, killed with bitterness. They wanted their love to grow, to flower, to develop into the deep love of forever-lovers.

How could they do this?

This was when they both decided upon the long, old-fashioned engagement. When Tommy gave Nancy her emerald-cut diamond engagement ring in March, they came to the agreement to wait until Christmas before they married. Time, they had a hunch, would be their ally; time would help their love bloom. In some ways, they looked upon Tommy's service with Uncle Sam as a blessing.

But now, waiting and waiting, Tommy grew restless, edgy, bursting with the passion of a young man. And there were times, when they kissed and held each other close, that Nancy shivered with the thrill of desire trembling within her.

That night on the beach they had it out. Nancy, wiping her tears, reassured him, "Tommy, I know we're doing what's right. To wait, the way we are. Because our love isn't something we want to play with—like a toy."

When she spoke out like that everything seemed so clear to him: that this could be the *only* way for two young people who didn't want to fall into their parents' footsteps and make a mess of marriage.

She snuggled against him on the blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, and Tommy patted her gently. "Nanny, I'm so, so lucky . . .," he said, and the two of them lay there, the moon paling their faces with its ivory light, and they both knew that, somehow, their honesty and their frankness was giving them strength. It helped them face the slow spinning-out of the summertime, while their love grew and ripened until that blessed day in December when they would love each other as man and wife . . . and become one.

END

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Margo!!!

(Continued from page 39)

poised yet radiating a subtle sensuality through the smoke-filled air. The low buzz of voices begins. "Who is she?" they ask. And other low voices answer, "Don't you remember the philandering, blatantly sexy wife in *Hound-Dog Man*?"

The questions continue.

But the answers become more and more spare.

And after a while it's obvious that very little is actually known about her.

Who is this girl of mystery?

Her name is Margo Moore.

Why is she so mysterious?

"I guess," Margo herself told us recently, "it's because people with questions about me rarely ask them of me. It's my fault in a way. I give the appearance of being rather aloof and cold. This is mainly because I'm unsure of myself. But the truth is that I like to have friends." She sighed. "And," she added, "the truth is, too, that I've never had many. Not really. Especially not as a child, back in Indiana, back in those strange not-so-long-ago years...."

Portrait of Margo

She was Marguerite Guarnerius then. She lived with her father, a Free Methodist minister, her stepmother and her brothers, Joseph and William, both older than she. Their house, on the outskirts of Indianapolis, was big and old and quiet, very quiet. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius, a stern man, a strict man, wanted it this way. He tolerated no unnecessary noises such as the sound of neighbor children's voices within the rooms of his home or in his front garden or back yard. "The result," says Margo, "is that I had no friends other than my brothers—and my piano. My father was musical. He was a direct descendant of the violinmaker Guarneri, of Cremona, in Italy, and he saw to it that we all studied music. So for me it was the piano, for Joseph the violin, for William the cornet. Lots of times the three of us would get together and play, for hours and hours. They were fun, those hours. They made the loneliness fade for us, for a while, at least."

Loneliness, however—true loneliness—came crashing down on Margo when she was eleven years old.

She became sick one day, with a cold, or so her parents thought it was. They put her to bed. They didn't call a doctor. (It was 1945, the war was on and if you felt you didn't *really* need a doctor, you didn't call one.) The cold lingered. Margo was in bed for two weeks, beginning to feel that she was coming around, slowly. When suddenly one morning she woke up and tried to move and couldn't—only her neck would move, but nothing else. Her parents called the doctor now. He came. He examined the girl. And then he walked to the other side of the room, to where her parents stood waiting, and he told them that Margo had polio.

"I remember that I was on my way to a hospital a little while later," she says today. "That at the hospital they put me into a plaster cast, from my shoulder down to my hip. I had to remain in that cast, motionless, for a few weeks at the hospital. Then, for month after month, at home. It was a terrible period for me. Very few people came to see me. I was alone most of the time. I was too tired to read very much. And so, most of the time, I'd just lie back on my pillow, my mind blank, thinking about nothing except maybe the kind of day it was outside, or about when I might hear the next car pass the house."

And then one day a girl came over to see her. She was from school, Margo's class. They barely knew one another and, at first, they barely knew what to talk about. So, after a few general questions and answers, then a few moments of silence, the visitor asked the patient if she'd like to hear about a movie she'd seen.

"That is," said the girl, "if you haven't seen it already, Marguerite."

Margo explained to the girl that she'd never seen a movie, not in her whole life, that her father didn't allow his children to indulge in such a what-he-called *frivolity*.

"Well," said the girl, after she'd gotten over the shock, "then let me tell you about this movie I saw—if you don't think your father'll mind the *telling*, at least. It's got a very interesting story."

And she told Margo—in full detail—the story, about a girl and a boy in love, how they'd had so many trials and tribulations to face, how they'd finally solved everything and how they'd ended up getting married.

The first dreams

And that night, after the girl had gone, Margo, lying alone on her pillow, found herself thinking about the movie and reliving it, pretending that she was the heroine in it—saying all her lines, feeling all the things she felt, smiling when she did, crying when she did.

It was a strange feeling, a delicious feeling, pretending to be somebody else, in something called a movie.

And Margo told the girl from school about her pretending the next time she came to see her, a few weeks later.

The girl laughed. "Gee, Marguerite," she said, "maybe someday when you're better, and older, you'll be a movie star, an actress."

Margo told her she doubted it. She asked, "In the movies do actresses have to wear lipstick, say?"

"Of course," the girl told her, "—they have to look as pretty as possible."

"And do they sometimes wear dresses with short sleeves?" Margo asked.

"Of course," said the girl, "—when the part calls for it."

Margo felt very sad. "Well then," she said, "I'll never be an actress. Because my father said he'll never allow me to wear lipstick or a short-sleeved dress. My stepmother can't. And neither will I be able to."

When the girl from school got over the shock of *this*, she asked Margo if, anyway, she'd like to hear the story of another movie she'd seen, just the night before.

Margo said yes, she would like that very much.

And so the girl told it to her, again in full detail, another beautiful love story.

And again that night, alone in her bed, Margo repeated the story to herself, pretending once more that she was the heroine.

"And night after night after that," she says, "I'd play my two roles, over and over, sometimes—when I wasn't too weak or tired—in double-feature fashion, first one, then the other, till I was convinced that they were *my* roles, and that if I ever did get to see either of these two movies after I got better I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to see myself up there on the screen instead of someone else."

Revolt

As it turned out, Margo did not get to see either of the movies following her recovery. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius remained rigid to his word. "Fringivolities" such as movies were out.

"In fact," says Margo, "it wasn't till I was sixteen that I got to see my *first* movie—and that I began my all-around revolt. You see, I was tired of being different from everyone else, of being stared at all the time, talked about, teased. I started to wear the kind of clothes I wanted to wear now. I started to wear make-up; I suppose for a while I went overboard and wore practically every kind of make-up they put out. I even announced to my parents that I'd decided to become an actress and that as soon as I'd saved enough money I was going to go to New York to study. Of course, they didn't believe me. 'Just foolishness,' they thought. 'The girl will come to her senses,' they thought. But I meant it. I was leaving. And, foolish or not, there would be no two ways about it."

She meant it . . .

Two years later, Margo kept her word. Equipped with a single suitcase, a couple of hundred dollars and a letter of introduction to a dramatic coach named Frances Robinson-Duff (given to her by an instructor at the University of Indiana, which she'd been attending), Margo—by now a lovely-looking girl of eighteen—took off for the big city and for whatever prospects might be in store for her there.

The prospects, those first few hours at least, seemed dismal.

On the advice of a girl at the University,

NEXT MONTH

your heart will go out to

Tuesday Weld as she tries

to answer the most important

question of her life:

IS IT TOO LATE FOR ME

TO BE GOOD?

Watch for it in the

September issue of

MODERN SCREEN

On Sale August 4th

Margo checked into a skyscraper of a women's hotel on the Upper East Side. The girl had told her that it was a safe, convenient and clean place. What she hadn't told was that a room cost \$90 a week and that payment in advance, for the first week at least, was mandatory . . . Margo, finding this out at the desk, nervous, not knowing what else to do, gulped and paid.

In her hotel room a little while later she picked up the phone and dialed the number of Miss Duff, the drama coach to whom she'd been recommended.

"This is Marguerite Guarnerius," she started to say when her call was connected. "I'd like to make an appointment to—"

But that was as far as she got.

For a sad-voiced secretary at the other end of the line interrupted and informed her that Miss Duff had died a week earlier.

Again Margo gulped.

A few minutes later she was back downstairs in the hotel lobby, standing at the desk there. She explained her predicament to a clerk. "And," she said, "I was wondering if you know of a drama instructor or a school where I can apply—a not-too-expensive teacher or school, please."

The clerk gave a knowing nod. "Just arrived in New York, kind of low on cash?" he asked.

"Yes, sort of," Margo said, after a moment.

The clerk looked her over.

A real pretty girl

"Interested in making some good money, quick?" he asked then.

Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "It happens I got a friend connected with a big modeling agency here. He always tells me, 'You see a girl you think we can use—a real pretty girl—you give me a ring' . . . How about it? Can I give him a ring about you? . . . He might like you and you're in a few bucks."

Again, without waiting for an answer he picked up a pencil and began jotting down some information.

"You're how tall?" he asked.

"Five-feet-seven," Margo found herself answering.

"And you weigh?"

"One-twelve."

"Color hair—blonde," he said. "Color eyes—grey blue."

Then he asked, "Bust?"

"What?" Margo asked back.

"The size of your bust?" asked the clerk.

Margo took a deep breath. "I've never measured it," she said.

The clerk looked up from his pad and examined the anatomy in question.

"Refined," he said, his examination over, as he wrote down his finding. "Very refined . . . Now, let me make the call and"—he smiled—"and good luck, Miss. . . ."

If there was ever a girl who entered the Hatbox Derby and didn't need anybody's good wishes, that girl was Marguerite Guarnierus. Within a few short months, the gorgeous Hoosier with the oddball name had become one of the most talked-about models in New York. As well as one of the highest-paid (\$50 an hour). An amazingly versatile girl, Margo did all kinds of jobs—magazine covers, fashion layouts, TV commercials, one after the other after the other, the checks rolling in fast as a camera's click. A shy and lonely and repressed girl up to this time, Margo zoomed amazingly and full-blast into the dizzying social whirl which ninety-nine out of a hundred successful models find themselves whirling in before long.

"It dawned on me one day, after about a year, I guess, that I hated this life, with all my heart," she says today. "I hated the social part because of the people involved—of what they expected of me, which was exactly nothing, to be nothing, to be only a pretty girl to have around and help decorate the air . . . The me, whatever there was of the real me, was tired and lost. I swore after this year, on this day, to give it all up."

Marriage

This, however, was easier sworn than done. Margo, grown quickly accustomed to good money, a good apartment, good clothes, found that she couldn't give up her work as easily as she thought. She continued modeling.

But she did bid good-bye to the old crowd. And she replaced them all with a husband, a fellow named Bill Warner, an advertising executive she met one evening and, thinking she was in love with him, married a few afternoons later.

Today Margo is reluctant to talk about this marriage. The muscles in her neck tightening when she does, she says only, softly: "It was a disaster. It was quick beginning, quick ending. The only good thing that came out of it was our child."

Darryl Warner—a big, beautiful blond baby—was born shortly before Margo's divorce was finalized. And, within only a few years after his birth, Margo learned that bringing up a child alone was not easy.

"My son was unhappy," she says, "and I

was unhappy. It's not easy for any boy to live with women only. And it certainly wasn't easy for Darryl, living with only a mother, a nurse and a maid. I guess the more unhappy and disturbed and hard-to-handle he became, the more I tried to run away from him. I found myself going out a lot again. Tired as I was when I'd come home from work, I'd dress and go to visit people for dinner or go to the theater or a movie. I didn't date much. I wasn't interested in men anymore. I didn't think I would ever be again. There was, in fact, only one man in my life, my son, my baby. And he didn't seem to love me. He wouldn't call me mother, mommy. He wouldn't listen to anyone, least of all to me. So, in a strange, confused way, I tried to run away from him—I'd come home, give him a present I'd bought, very fancy and expensive, as if to buy the little kiss I'd get from him as he took the package from me, and then I'd run.

"Till I couldn't stand it any more, what was happening to him, to me.

"Till I turned one day to an organization called the Child Guidance Council and had a long talk with a director there—that plain, down-to-earth, common sense type talk we all need once in a while, no matter how high we might feel we're flying up there in the stratosphere.

"I was told, very simply, that a child must be made to feel he belongs. 'Give him, not only presents and quick kisses, but love, real love, and consistency,' I was told. 'Don't, above all, take him for granted,' I was told.

Learning to be a mother

"I went home that afternoon, and this time I stayed home.

"I learned lots being with Darryl, even in those first few hours. I learned, among other things, what it was like to put my boy to bed.

"And one day not too long after this I learned what it was like for a mother to get a present from her son. I was in the living room, reading, this afternoon, I remember. I knew Darryl was in his room, playing. And then, all of a sudden, he came out and handed me something. It was a piece of clay, with his handprint on it. 'Mommy,' he said, giving it to me, 'this is for you, because I love you.' I cried. It was, up to that moment, the happiest moment of my life."

It was at about this time—with Darryl changed—that Margo herself decided to make some changes.

Once again she vowed, as she had vowed four years earlier, to quit modeling.

And this time she did.

"Smile all you want," she told her doubting agent. "I'm holding on to a few TV jobs, for living expenses. But I'm dropping everything else."

Taking a deep breath and crossing her fingers, and remembering for an instant a little girl lying on her lonely sick-bed, pretending she was an actress, feeling her strange and delicious feelings, she went on: "I'm going to a drama school. That's what I came to New York for in the first place. That's what I should have done in the first place. . . ."

Margo enrolled in a well-known acting school the next day. A few weeks later Columbia Pictures, having heard about her from the school's director, screen-tested her for a leading role in *Middle of the Night*. The test was a flop—Margo, if not downright terrible, was at least pretty bad. And the role went to Kim Novak, while Margo went to a different school.

This school suited her fine. She studied there for nearly two years, under a coach named Wynn Handman. She tried out for Broadway plays and TV shows, dozens of them. She was rejected most of the time.

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But still she studied. "And prayed," she says. Harder. And harder. And harder.

Till, finally, some six months ago, the incredible happened:

A New York agent who had seen Margo work in class and who knew that Twentieth Century-Fox's Hollywood brass was looking around for a "new face" to play Susie Belle, the floozie wife in *Hound-Dog Man*, recommended Margo. A test was made, in New York. And Margo was given her stand-by papers—with a not-too-encouraging "maybe" attached.

A few weeks later, on a Saturday, the agent called excitedly to tell Margo that someone at MGM had seen her test and that they had decided to sign her.

Minutes after this call, with Margo still sitting, unbelieving, alongside her phone, there came another call. It was the agent again.

"I just talked to the boys at Fox," he said, "to tell them about the Metro contract. But *they* were just about to call me, they said, to tell me they wanted you for further tests. 'Sorry, boys,' I told them, '—first come, first served.' There was a pause, a long pause. And then, suddenly, came the word: 'Bring her around tomorrow. We'll sign her. And she leaves for the Coast on Monday.'"

There was a pause here now, again a long pause.

"Margo, did you hear what I said—you're going to Hollywood day after tomorrow!" the agent called out.

But Margo didn't answer.

Couldn't answer.

Because she'd fainted dead away.

Something very special

And while we actually could end our story here, the ending being a decidedly happy one, we feel (1) that it would be impolite leaving a lovely lady lying on the floor, and (2) that you might like to hear a little about something very special that happened to Margo shortly after her revival and subsequent arrival in Hollywood.

The something concerns a man, that segment of our population which Margo had practically rejected since her ill-fated first marriage.

And—

But let Margo tell it:

"His name is Bob Radnitz. He's a producer, very young and attractive, though I must admit none of his qualities exactly bowled me over the first time we met. We met on the set of the picture. We were introduced, that is, and he said something like, 'Since we're both from New York we've got to get together sometime,' and I said, 'Yes,' and that was that. I thought.

"Then this night, a few nights later, I was at home—I'd just put Darryl to bed—and the phone rang.

"This is Bob Radnitz,' I heard a voice on the other end of the line say.

"Who?' I asked. I'd forgotten his last name.

"He explained.

"Oh,' I said, not very enthusiastically. I knew he was going to ask for a date and, truthfully, I couldn't have been less interested.

"Well, he did ask, and I said no, and again I thought that would be that.

"But he persisted, so much that I finally said, 'Look, if you're so anxious to talk to somebody, why don't you come over for a little while and have a cup of coffee?'

"Pest,' I thought to myself when I hung up.

"And he was, too.

"First, as soon as he arrived, he made a long face when I told him I only had instant coffee. He said that there was nothing like drip coffee made in a drip coffee pot. 'Really?' I said.

"Then, about an hour later, when I was starving and had to eat something and said, not too invitingly, 'Would you like to join me in some salad?'—he jumped up from his chair, like a man who hasn't heard the word food in years, came into the kitchen with me, and then proceeded to tell me about all the things he was allergic to. Things like tomatoes and tuna fish and a couple of other things I'd planned to put into the salad.

"When is he going to leave?' I wondered to myself as I stood there tossing the lettuce, oil and vinegar—the only ingredients I was allowed to end up using. 'When?'

"But then something happened, as we sat there in the kitchen, eating.

"We began to talk. *Really* began to talk. Bob started telling me about his life, the good things, the bad, the ups, the downs. And I told him about my life, all about it. And by the time we were finished talking, five or six hours later, it was as if we'd known each other—and liked each other—for years.

"We made no appointment to see each other again when Bob left that night.

Flowers and coffee pots

"But the next morning, at about 7:30, just as I was getting ready to leave for the studio, the front doorbell rang. And there he stood, silly smile on his face, holding a little pink-and-white posy bouquet in his hand. I didn't think that type thing happened anymore. I didn't even know what to say. But Bob saved me the bother. 'See you sometime,' he said, handing me the flowers and walking away.

"And then that night, when I got home, guess who was in the living room, on the floor, playing like crazy with Darryl.

"He hopped up when he saw me. 'Margo—I didn't mean to barge in,' he said, 'but there's a little something I bought for you, that I'd like you to have.'

"He led me into the kitchen. And there on the stove it sat, a gleaming new coffee pot.

"It's the drip kind,' he said, 'just in case you ever decide you'd like to have me over for another cup of coffee . . . Well,' he said then, shrugging, as if he were about to leave, 'before you start thinking I might be some kind of a pest—'

"But my laughter stopped him, I guess.

"And, probably too, the way I went over to him and hugged him.

"Because he stayed that night—for coffee, and dinner.

"And, come to think of it, he's been showing up for same every night since. . . ."

At this writing, both Margo and Bob only smile when anyone brings up the subject of wedding plans.

But to old crystal gazers like us, our so-called mystery girl's future seems very clear indeed.

END

Margo is a star of 20th-Fox's *WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER*.

My Son Has Been Kidnapped

(Continued from page 57)

So the court fight dragged on and the baby was passed back and forth between Stella and Herman time after time. The court made only one provision, that the baby was not to be removed from Memphis until the whole matter was settled once and for all.

But Stella moved to Hollywood and little Andy remained behind with his father, now a \$3950 per year IBM machine operator at the Mallory Air Force base. They both lived with Herman's parents.

The first kidnapping

One day Stella slipped back into Memphis and carried her beautiful son off with her, against court orders, against the law, back to her home in Hollywood.

Now Sergeant Jonoski felt he understood the whole case. Obviously the boy's father had come to steal back his own son. Obviously it wasn't a matter for the Los Angeles police. Obviously it wasn't a kidnapping . . . so decided Sergeant Jonoski.

But we're forced to wonder just what it was. We went first to talk with Stella . . . then to talk with Herman. First, let's hear

"The house is so still now. It used to be filled with happy noises. My little boy laughing or yelling or playing cowboy and shooting off his toy six-gun. Sometimes, when he became too noisy, I'd call out, 'Andy, you must quiet down, honey.' What I wouldn't give to hear my little boy and his friends yelling in the backyard of my home.

"When will I ever hear my son saying, 'Mommy' again, or feel his warm arms press me tight in a bear hug, or hear his sturdy little feet in cowboy boots stamp noisily in the kitchen where he'd dig into the refrigerator for snacks. I haven't stocked the refrigerator since he was snatched from me.

"Is being a movie actress such a crime that I should lose my child? The courts in Memphis awarded my little boy to his father. But what about the law of God? How can anyone tear a child away from his mother?

"I haven't been able to sleep well since Andy was taken from me. The nights are so long. It is hours upon black hours when I lie awake, my heart absolutely torn with longing for my son. And I wonder, during

those endless hours: What is happening to Andy now? How is my little boy taking the shock of being snatched away from his mother? Is he awake at night, as I am, crying for me, as I am for him?

"For many months, when Andy was with me, my happiness at having my child with me was mixed with a certain fear. I was afraid that a moment might come when the boy's father would try to take him from me. I'd had to steal my own child out of Memphis a year ago in order to have him with me in the first place.

Once in a lifetime

"I was a teen-ager at the time I married Herman Stephens, and it was shortly after our baby was born in Memphis that I realized our marriage had been a mistake. At the time of our separation, I was awarded full custody of our baby. My parents helped me take care of him when I went to school and when I worked. I soon had an offer to go to Hollywood. It was one of those golden opportunities that comes once in a lifetime and I would have been crazy not to take it. I wanted to make good in Hollywood for my child's sake even more than for mine. With a career as an actress, I could take care of my son and give him the material things a child needs, and I could give him a lot of myself, too. There's lots of time off in acting. However, at the beginning I had to remain in Hollywood

done in order to get a foothold in the business. I knew my mother was taking good care of Andy back in Memphis, and as soon as I was able to, I was planning to bring him to Hollywood to live with me. "The thorn in my happiness was that although I had the custody of my son, I couldn't take him out of the state of Tennessee except by special court order. And his father had begun to fight me on that score.

"Many divorced mothers have to go to work, and they are allowed to have their children with them. I believed I would be able to do just what so many other mothers who are divorced are allowed to do: work and raise my child. I was sure I could present my side of the story to the court and get their permission to have my child with me in Hollywood.

"But Hollywood is thousands of miles away from Memphis. I couldn't always make a court appearance in Memphis on a stipulated day if I was in the middle of production.

"Several other times I'd gone to Memphis to appeal to the court for the right to have my child live with me. But on those occasions I'd find myself sitting around and waiting, because of one court postponement after another. Then, when another court date was set, I discovered I was busy in a picture and couldn't walk out. The whole thing was very confusing.

It hurt Andy even more than it hurt me. He couldn't understand why I'd leave Memphis without taking him with me. Didn't his own mommy love him? It used to kill me when he'd run after me, pulling at my skirt and crying, 'Don't leave me, Mommy.'

An abnormal thing"

"One night last July, unbearably lonely for my child, I flew to Memphis and took him back with me on the next plane for Hollywood. It may have been in defiance of the court order, but not in defiance of whatever heart the good Lord puts inside a mother. Back in Memphis, when it was discovered that I had taken my child home with me, there was a big hue and cry about it. You would have thought I had done an abnormal thing in wanting to have my own child with me. The child's mother and the folks in Memphis said I had kidnapped my child. How in heaven's name can a mother be accused of kidnapping her own child? I had given birth to him. I had nursed him during his first few weeks of life. I wanted my child.

"But because I had dared to take my child with me to Hollywood, the whole town of Memphis turned against me. I was cited for contempt of court. My ex-husband was given full custody of our child. If I set foot in Memphis I could be in jail, like a criminal.

"Mothers have often risked their lives for their children. I was willing to risk going to jail for mine.

"Meanwhile, Andy and I were very happy together in California. I had rented a homey kind of house in Beverly Hills. There was a picturesque mountain behind it and a large back yard. I had fixed up a room for Andy with wood paneling and pictures of cowboys and horses on the wall. I had a great incentive to want to succeed now. My career as an actress thrilled me not because of the glamour in it—although I played glamorous roles—but because it would enable me to do so much for my boy. I didn't date much and I went to few parties. There are many divorced mothers who work their fingers to the bone for their children. I was luckier than those mothers. My career gave me long periods, weeks at a time sometimes, when I didn't have to report to the studio at all. I was with my child a great deal. Every moment I was

free was a precious moment to spend with Andy. I felt very lucky that I could be home so much and still provide for my child financially.

"I remember the wonderful times Andy and I had—how I would drive him down the hill and take him to Ponyland at La-Cienega, where he would ride the ponies, standing up in the stirrups and twirling his lasso around.

"Andy had been pale and thin when I brought him back with me. Very soon he began to grow robust and tanned. He was always laughing and playing cowboy. He was such a happy child. It was a natural life for him, and for me.

"If there were shadows clouding my happiness because of letters I was receiving from his father threatening to take him back, I tried to push them from my mind. Andy was never left alone. I had a good nurse for him, and I was with him whenever I wasn't working. And yet, I didn't want to make the child feel like a prisoner.

"That morning—that dreadful morning in April—he was playing outside. I was sitting at my desk and had just begun to look over some papers. I could hear Andy calling out to a badman he pretended he had lassoed. Then I heard a car scrunching up my driveway. Strange—I wasn't expecting anyone. I jumped up and ran to the front door just in time to see the tail of a car going down the driveway. I froze. By the time I could scream 'stop,' the car was gone. I knew, without even looking for him, that my child was gone.

"I began to shake. I didn't know what to do. I managed to get to the phone and call the police.

"Then I just stood by the phone, numb with shock, unable to move or to think or even to cry. It might have been minutes, it might have been hours. I remained there, still. Finally, I started to walk across the living room. Andy had left his new lasso in the middle of the floor. It was the lasso the Easter bunny had brought him. He'd been playing with it only that morning. I had told him not to play with the lasso in the house, and he had said laughingly, 'Okay, Mommy. I'll take it outside.' But he hadn't taken it outside. He'd been so busy, so very busy with so many things to do, that he had left his lasso where he had dropped it on the floor, I tripped over it and fell, and suddenly I cried hysterically. I couldn't stop crying.

"Is he frightened now?"

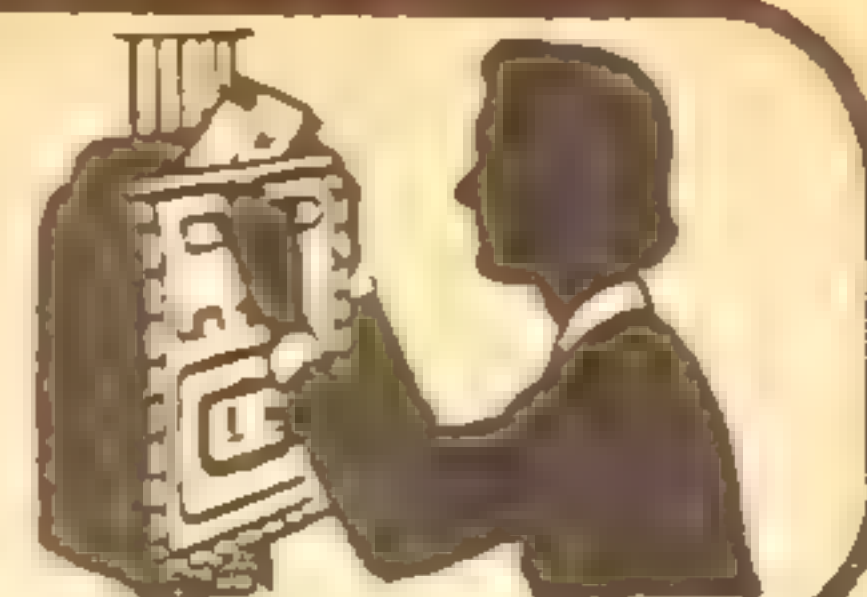
"I haven't been inside his room since he was taken from me. But I can't get the picture of his room out of my mind. Or the beloved memory of Andy sitting at the long desk which I'd had built in front of the window, where he used to paint and draw. And of the times he would call me in to admire a picture he had drawn. He drew so well. And the hi-fi in the corner where we'd sit and sing to his records. I had just bought him a recording of *Peter Pan*. He loved that record, and he was going to show me how he could fly up to the ceiling like Peter Pan, and I had laughed at that and tried not to let him know how frightened I was at the thought he might try to fly and fall and break his bones. I didn't want my child to be frightened. *Is he frightened now . . . ?*

"I will fight with the last dime I have to get my son back. With me. Where he belongs. If it means giving up my career to have him, I will give it up. But I need the money my career gives me for the legal counsel to get him back.

"Some day I will open the door of his room again, and I will hear the laughter of my son, and we will listen to *Peter Pan* together and he will try to fly in the air. And although my heart will be in my mouth, I won't say a word, for I will be

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there to catch him if he should fall. . . ."

That was Stella's side of the story. Herman's is quite different:

"I have been wanting my son back ever since Stella carried him off to California in violation of the court's order in May of 1959. I have been planning this since then.

"I left Memphis on an American Airlines plane at 1:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 23. I had \$600 in my pocket. I didn't know how much it would cost.

"I arrived in Los Angeles Saturday morning and rented a car. I drove to a private plane rental company at the airport and chartered a plane and pilot. As soon as I arrived at the airport with Andy, the pilot was to fly us to Phoenix, about 450 miles from Los Angeles.

"I drove into town and got a map of Los Angeles. I drove out Benedict Canyon Drive and found Stella's house real easy.

The watch

"I parked down the street and watched the house the rest of the day. If Andy came out, I was going to get him and take off fast. But I never did see him that day.

"That night I drove off and found a motel. I was keyed up, tense and excited and didn't sleep too well. I got up early Sunday morning and started watching the house again. No one came out for hours. Then in early afternoon Stella and Andy came out and got in a car and left.

"I followed at a distance. She drove up and down the freeways for a long time, just taking Andy for a ride, I guess. She

finally turned off and I was afraid she would see me if I followed, so I didn't. After supper, I went back to her house and began watching again. But she didn't come home that night. At least, not while I was there. I fell asleep in the car, it was so late. I finally woke up—it was 2:30 a.m. or later—and drove back to my motel.

(Ed. note: Stella in a later interview denied she did not return home. She said she was home all Sunday evening. It was possible, of course, for Stella to have returned while Herman was out eating, or to have returned when he went to sleep.)

"I set my alarm clock for 6:00 a.m. and got a few hours' sleep. I drove back and watched the house again. I didn't see anyone and didn't know if anyone was home or not.

"I began checking nurseries in the neighborhood but was unsuccessful. I drove back to Stella's house. I was going to make one last effort. And for some reason I can't explain, I did something I hadn't planned to do. I parked in the driveway and walked up to the door. It was about 11:30 a.m. when I rang the bell.

"Just at that instant, I heard Andy's voice from the side of the house. He was playing outside. When he heard the bell he ran around to the front. He saw me and hollered, 'Daddy,' and came running up to me. About that time I heard Estelle in the house call out, 'Andy.'

"About that time I was getting panicky. I had to move fast. I realized that Andy was glad to see me, as I was him. I quickly

took him by the hand and said, 'Come on son, let's go for a ride.'

The snatch

"Then I picked him up in my arms, put him in the car and got out of there in a hurry. I was later told that Estelle said she saw Andy between two men in the car. But, I was alone.

"I drove to the airport, checked in the rented car and hurried over to the chartered plane. The pilot was waiting. We left immediately for Phoenix and arrived there about mid-afternoon.

"We got on the plane and left Phoenix at 12:30 a.m., April 26, and got in Memphis at 9:15 a.m. Boy, was I glad to be home with Andy. It had been too long since I had seen him—almost a year."

But despite Herman Stephens' pleasure at being re-united with his son, his troubles are not over.

"I'm going to go back," says Stella, "and get my boy. Oh, I won't try to steal Andy again. I'll go to court. They know a little boy needs his mother. Maybe they'll put me in jail for a while, but I don't care."

So that's where the story ends . . . in a tug of war . . . in a little boy pulled at and pushed, having no idea where he belongs or what tomorrow may hold. Oh, little boy, have lived through worse than that . . . we only wonder how he will ever understand that all of this confusion, this emotional torture that must leave deep scars is his because two people claim to love him more than anything in the world. EN

Have I Failed as a True Christian?

(Continued from page 34)

was a letter that did not praise Elvis . . . far from it! This letter attacked in the way we know hurts Elvis most . . . it told a story of a night that apparently shocked the letter writer, and may possibly shock some of our readers, but it did not shock us.

Why not? Because we have received just such letters about almost every star in the United States.

We have never previously printed such a letter because we felt it might damage the star, but we feel that this case points a very important moral . . . if Elvis Presley, one of the finest men we know, can be misunderstood in this manner, no star, no performer is ever safe. This is the letter:

March 3, 1960

Mr. David Myers, Editor
Modern Screen
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Myers:

First things first—so I'll begin by introducing myself.

My name is Miss Ruby Lee Mays. I am 24 years old. . . . Some time ago I took a job in Memphis, Tennessee, where I worked in a finance company—helping our customers to work out their problems and talking with them about their personal troubles. In my spare time I began working with the kids at the Crippled Children's Hospital—and found I completely surrounded myself with their problems. These kids were not crippled for life—there was hope of their recovery. Those with club feet would be able to walk some day—with the right help and guidance. Those with polio could someday walk again. . . .

One day I walked in and received not so much as a "Hi" . . . I talked with the 80 nurse on duty. It was through her that I

learned that the kids were "down in the dumps" because they had received word that they were not going home for Christmas.

Not going home for Christmas? Why, they had planned on it so much. In fact, I had helped some of them address Christmas cards to their friends saying they would all get together and have a good time. But plans had been altered due to a flu epidemic—and the doctors said, "No."

How in the world do you explain to children—who, not at their own choosing, are different from other children? So—with one of my big ideas—I marched myself back into the room, gathered all of them around me, and announced, "Okay, I'll tell you what! You tell me what you'd rather have than anything else in the world and I'll get it as a Christmas gift for you."

I no more than got the promise out of my mouth than I got an answer from Janie. "Ruby, will you get Elvis to come see us?" And a silence I've never experienced since, one which I hope will never re-appear—came over the entire room!

They knew I had met Elvis through mutual friends. They knew that I knew Anita Wood, the girl Elvis was dating. But they didn't know that they had recently had a quarrel when Anita had gone to Hollywood to make a film, that they weren't writing, etc. But you don't try explaining these things to kids—you just don't! And so—I made a promise to TRY! But it turned out to be the greatest challenge of my entire life!

Yes, I had met Elvis. I don't say that we were friends—only that we had been introduced many times—each being very pleasant due to his friendly ways. But I doubted even then that Elvis would remember such a meeting, even one of them. I don't know that I ever really had an opinion of him—simply that I was glad

to see a guy go from "rags to riches" and he finally did. But other than that I really didn't think about it.

But with the promise I made to the kids I was soon to really think about it. I left the hospital and drove the 3 or 4 miles to Graceland, Elvis' home. It was pouring down rain—but that didn't keep the fans away. In fact, there were some 4-5 cars parked at the gate when I drove up. My first impulse was to get out of there and forget that silly nonsense. But I couldn't do it! I had made a promise to those kids which I would keep. I WAS GOING TO TRY!

Feeling like a complete idiot, I drove right up to the gate and yelled for Travis, Elvis' uncle who worked as guard at the gate, to come out to the car. I had met Travis several times before, so when I recognized me, he came out and sat in the car and talked with me for a while. I explained to him what I wanted and he told me Elvis was out with some of the boys but would be back shortly. "You just put right up beside the drive and you'll catch him when he drives in."

It wasn't ten minutes later that Elvis appeared, driving the purple Cadillac, and paused at the gate. No sooner had he stopped than eight or ten kids rushed up to him for autographs. Well, I wasn't going to butt in on their fun—so in my car I sat! And through that downpour certain nobody recognized Ruby Lee Mays—but I felt as if everyone was watching and considering me an "autograph hound." It was at that time that I came closest to leaving. But I still couldn't do it! Even if it meant pocketing my pride and making a fool of myself I'd have to do so—for I was not going to leave in defeat!

As I made a move to get out, Elvis moved on toward the house—leaving the crowd behind.

Eventually all the cars left—and I again drove up to the gate in answer to Travis' call, "Why didn't you get out?" So I explained—then asked that he take a message up to the house for me. That message read:

Elvis:

I've met you several times—but possibly you don't remember. That, however, is not important. I'd like to talk with you for five minutes in which to ask a favor of you—a favor which would make some 20-30 kids the happiest ones ever at Christmastime.

I know you must be busy—having everyone want to see you at this time—and I certainly don't want to bother you. But would it be possible to speak with you for these short minutes? I'd be so appreciative.

Ruby Lee Mays

It was approximately three minutes later that Travis returned with his answer, "Elvis says to tell you he'll be down in about ten minutes."

And now comes my open letter to Elvis Presley:

Do you remember how you drove down the road from the house—parking your car next to mine, Elvis? Do you remember how you rolled down the window and yelled, "You the one that sent the note?" And my answer was, "Yes, I'd like to talk with you for just a moment if I may, please." And do you remember how you yelled back, "Well, I'm a busy man. I don't have time to talk."

It was then, Elvis, that I said I was sorry, that I knew you were busy, that I didn't want to bother you, but that I had promised the kids I'd try and talk with you. And then—through all that rain—your answer was the same, "Well, I've got a date and I've gotta go."

With that I turned the key and began backing out. Do you remember calling back to me, Elvis, "What was it you wanted to talk about?"

Well, the little speech I had rehearsed time and again on my way out didn't seem so convincing any longer—certainly not the type you'd deliver between two parked cars in the rain with four guys sitting there in your car listening. But regardless, I had to make an attempt. I wouldn't go back to the hospital and tell those kids I hadn't even talked with you. If that were the case they'd expect me to come back at a later date—and I could never go through this deal twice. And so I began—I told you everything. I explained how heartbroken they were; your appearance would make them happy, that you wouldn't have to sing or spend much time there, only say hello and let them know you cared.

But you were having no part of it! Do you remember your reply when I again said I was sorry to have taken up your time and began backing out? Do you remember jumping out of the car and stepping the short distance to my side and yelling so all could hear, "Don't you act so smart! You don't realize I'm a busy man. When I come home I'd like to spend a little time with my folks."

And again I said I was sorry! And again backed away. But you cried out, "You wait just a minute! Don't you act so high and mighty!"

And do you remember my answer, Elvis? I told you, "No one is acting high and mighty! I'm trying to be nice. I came out here to ask a favor of you. I didn't really expect you to go—but I told those kids I'd ask. Now that you've given me your answer I'll leave."

But again you held me there. I can still see you leaning toward my car—dripping with rain—as you literally screamed, "You don't seem to understand that I want a little time to myself. Whenever I come home people are always wanting me to do this—and do that—for charity!"

"Charity? Charity? Mr. Presley, let me tell you one thing! . . . I didn't come out here looking for an autograph from the Rock 'n' Roll King! I don't care if you dig

ditches for a living—so don't you get it in your head that I came out here for myself—that I'm running after you. . . ."

And do you remember how you cut me short with, "Now you listen to me!"

"Listen to you, Mr. Presley? I've heard your answer—so I've listened. But you just stand back and listen! I personally don't give a damn about you—or who you are! But I do care about those kids at that hospital—heartbroken because they can't go home for Christmas. They wanted you to stop by just long enough to say you were thinking about them. But no! You can't spare ten minutes! Sure, you can drop \$1,000 in the pot on Main Street and a photographer just happens to be standing there! But you can't drop in and see some kids who are less fortunate than you! I'm afraid I couldn't have the press standing there with the flash bulbs popping—showing what a thoughtful and wonder-

ful person you are. No, I can't do that for you! Sure, I know you're busy! And I know a lot of people must be on you constantly for something! So go about your business and make all your fans happy! But don't you forget that those kids at the hospital—even though some are bedridden, some can't talk or wake up every morning and see what a beautiful world they live in, and others don't walk—those kids helped put you where you are today and they can very easily tear you down!

Do you remember, Elvis? Do you remember how I sat there with tears of joy streaming down my cheeks because I could appreciate life to the fullest—and tears of sorrow for kids who cared enough for Elvis Presley to think he might possibly stop by and say hello?

Do you remember later your reply, "I'm busy—you'll have to come back later on." Do you remember, Elvis?

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SINGLES

If you own any singles (a record with one song on each side) by any of the following performers, please make an X in the box next to his name:

☐ Ames Brothers

☐ Paul Anka

☐ Annette

☐ Frankie Avalon

☐ LaVern Baker

☐ Brook Benton

☐ Pat Boone

☐ Brothers Four

☐ Johnny Cash

☐ Bobby Darin

☐ Fats Domino

☐ Lonnie Donegan

☐ Tommy Edwards

☐ Everly Brothers

☐ Fabian

☐ Eddie Fisher

☐ Ella Fitzgerald

☐ Connie Francis

☐ Johnny Horton

☐ Marv Johnson

☐ Brenda Lee

☐ Little Willie John

☐ Rick Nelson

☐ Patti Page

☐ Platters

☐ Elvis Presley

☐ Lloyd Price

☐ Jim Reeves

☐ Debbie Reynolds

☐ Marty Robbins

☐ Jimmie Rodgers

☐ Connie Stevens

☐ Neil Sedaka

☐ Conway Twitty

☐ Sarah Vaughan

☐ Jackie Wilson

Well, I do! I remembered how I drove back to the hospital and stood at the door debating what I should tell those kids. I remember how I first went to the ladies' room to put on my face before going in to see them again. I even remember how I dropped down into the chair in the office and cried my heart out in disappointment—because there wasn't a thing in this God's world I could do about it!

Yes, Elvis, I remember! Oh, how I shall always remember walking in and telling the kids. I had decided not to tell them the truth—that you didn't have time for all that charity work—but simply that you were tied up with other engagements and that was that!

But, Elvis, children are far smarter than we give them credit for. . . . All they understood was that Elvis wasn't coming to see them! . . .

It has been quite some time since I've

thought back to that night in the rain. But today—when I picked up the paper and saw your picture and your comment to “give the people rock ‘n’ roll as long as they want it,” I couldn't help but remember.

And in remembering I recall the endorsement of my high school diploma which read: “You have ascended the stairway of the stars and attained an important step in self-improvement. In years to come new stairways will be opened to you. Weigh their merits, choose them carefully and climb them bodily. For when you have reached the top you will find the prize was well worth winning.”

I wish for you, Elvis, all the luck and happiness in the world. And especially when you find the one thing you want more than anything else to make you happy—I truly hope you get it.

A lot of us don't . . . especially at Christ-

mastime on a rainy night in Memphis!

Regards for the best,
Miss Ruby Lee Mays (Lee)
2627 Mobile Avenue, Apt. 3
El Paso, Texas

It wouldn't be right or proper for Elvis to answer this letter . . . for what could he say? “Dear God, did I fail as a Christian? I didn't mean to hurt anyone.” Would that be an adequate answer? Would that ease the pain of the children who waited for him in vain? Would that really satisfy the young lady who in such real sadness wrote her letter to us? We doubt it.

It's far more fitting that we answer it, here and now, for we can point to the facts that Elvis would never dream of mentioning. We can point to a paralyzed thirteen-year-old girl for whom Elvis made all the time in the world (until she died), and a young polio victim in Germany whom Elvis made his best friend, and hundreds of other crippled and disabled children who are grateful to Elvis for his open-handed generosity. No one could name them all.

We can point to the men out of work for whom Elvis has found jobs. We can point to a park in Tupelo, there in large part through Elvis' gifts. We can cover pages and pages with names and times and events . . . but we doubt even this would wipe out the memory of that unhappy evening in the rain. It is said correctly that one misstep can forever erase a man's good reputation.

But the thing that is forgotten (in this case by Miss Mays) is that the requests made of a star are fantastic, unbelievable. We're not speaking of the ridiculous requests like: “Dear Mr. Presley, You have so much money . . . please send me ten thousand dollars . . .”—every day's mail brings such letters—but of the very sensible, often heart-rending pleas for aid: “My daughter needs an eye operation” . . . “Would you please help me find a job?” . . . “Would you entertain our Girl Scout troop?” . . . “Would you please give me just a minute of your time?”

That any star finds some minutes to spare, sends some checks, entertains some troops means that he has carefully considered these requests, and with a heavy heart has turned down a thousand times as many others.

If you speak with any star you will find that the thing he most craves is time . . . a half an hour to spend with his family, seven straight hours to get some sleep, fifteen minutes to watch some television. Hollywood marriages break up because there is no time for family life. Hollywood stars get ulcers because there is no time to eat. And Hollywood stars have nervous breakdowns because there is no time to relax.

Elvis Presley has less time than other stars and many more demands made upon it. Yet Elvis has always found time for his church and his Christianity, so if we are to answer the letter we printed above we can only say:

Dear Miss Mays:

Please try to find it in your heart to forgive a man whose burdens are heavy, whose time is limited and whose nerves for the moment snapped, but a man who truly loves all of humanity.

David Mays

Editor
MODERN SCREEN

Elvis will soon star in G. I. BLUES for Paramount.

ALBUMS

If you own any albums (an LP with a group of songs is an album) by any of the following recording stars, please make an X in the box next to his name:

<input type="checkbox"/> Chet Atkins	<input type="checkbox"/> Kingston Trio
<input type="checkbox"/> Harry Belafonte	<input type="checkbox"/> Mario Lanza
<input type="checkbox"/> Pat Boone	<input type="checkbox"/> Peggy Lee
<input type="checkbox"/> Brothers Four	<input type="checkbox"/> Henry Mancini
<input type="checkbox"/> David Carroll	<input type="checkbox"/> Mantovani
<input type="checkbox"/> Ray Charles	<input type="checkbox"/> Johnny Mathis
<input type="checkbox"/> Van Cliburn	<input type="checkbox"/> George Melachrino
<input type="checkbox"/> Nat King Cole	<input type="checkbox"/> Mitch Miller
<input type="checkbox"/> Perry Como	<input type="checkbox"/> Platters
<input type="checkbox"/> Ray Conniff	<input type="checkbox"/> Elvis Presley
<input type="checkbox"/> Bobby Darin	<input type="checkbox"/> Jim Reeves
<input type="checkbox"/> Duane Eddy	<input type="checkbox"/> Marty Robbins
<input type="checkbox"/> Everly Brothers	<input type="checkbox"/> Santo and Johnny
<input type="checkbox"/> Percy Faith	<input type="checkbox"/> Dinah Shore
<input type="checkbox"/> Tennessee Ernie Ford	<input type="checkbox"/> Frank Sinatra
<input type="checkbox"/> Pete Fountain	<input type="checkbox"/> Terry Snyder and the All Stars
<input type="checkbox"/> Connie Francis	<input type="checkbox"/> Billy Vaughan
<input type="checkbox"/> Eydie Gorme	<input type="checkbox"/> Dinah Washington

SHOW TUNES, TV, MOVIE AND COMEDIAN ALBUMS

If you own any of the albums listed below, please make an X in the box next to the title:

<input type="checkbox"/> Flower Drum Song	<input type="checkbox"/> Porgy and Bess
<input type="checkbox"/> From The Hungry I	<input type="checkbox"/> South Pacific (Broadway Cast)
<input type="checkbox"/> Gigi	<input type="checkbox"/> South Pacific (Soundtrack)
<input type="checkbox"/> My Fair Lady	<input type="checkbox"/> The King and I
<input type="checkbox"/> Peter Gunn	<input type="checkbox"/> The Music Man

Approximately how many single records (of all kinds, not just names on this list) do you own?

Approximately how many albums or LP's do you own?

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